HITCH

#7 • JUNE / JULY 1995 • $3.50

FIRST ANNIVERSARY ISSUE!

FEATURING:

- *Oscar Sucks!*
- Up Close with Cripsin Glover!
- *El Chico Prank!*
- Free Joycelyn Elders Board Game!
- *Free Pog Milkcaps, Too!*

25 Years of Planet of the Apes

Damn Dirty Apes!

HITCH

WITH A VENGEANCE

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InHITCH

#7 • JUNE / JULY 1995

"The truth is, I practice absurdity quite religiously."
—Alfred Hitchcock

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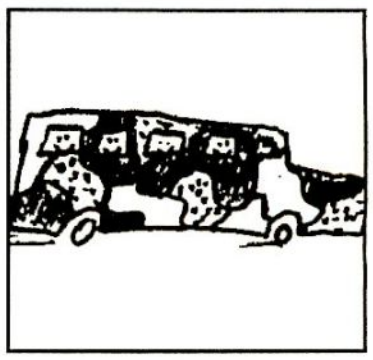

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ON THE COVER

Roddy McDowall as an ape, and Richard Simmons as himself. *Scary.*

Heapin' Mailbag

Please send all kindhearted words, acrimonious missives and items for review to Heapin' Mailbag, c/o **HITCH**, *5504 N. Tulsa Avenue, Oklahoma City, OK 73112. Or e-mail us at rlott@aol.com. All mail is subject to extreme ridicule.*

My Dearest Rod,

Finished **HITCH** 5. Thoroughly enjoyed "The FBI's Fugitive of the Month" for reasons I myself do not fully fathom. As you know, I always enjoy Mr. Neesnan's refreshing and insightful insights on the too, too hurried world of Hollywood. But, of course, my fave was the detailed account of Robert Goulet's life-and-death struggle with a bloated ego ("Some Enchanted Evening, You May Feel My Prostate"). The diagram on page 20 was very informative and might alter your demographics considerably if used in promotional materials. Just a suggestion.

I am so sorry to hear about Mrs. Lott's harrowing experience with Isotope Boy ("Isotope Boy & Me"). I myself like children, especially for breakfast with a little maple syrup and butter. (That is an old joke from a W.C. Fields movie, so please don't call the cops.)

FYI: I just heard Oliver Stone say that *Apocalypse Now* and *The Deer Hunter* were mythic and unreal compared to his true-to-life tale *Platoon*. It must have been just as scary for him to be running around the forests of 'Nam with living embodiments of Good and Evil as it is for your new readers to stumble over this allusion to **HITCH** 2's "Oliver Stone: Shut the Hell Up!" story. (Don't you still have some of those rare back issues you could sell?)

Also, you forgot to unashamedly plug your "Mentos Deconstructed" article being on the internet. (Sorry, I'm no techno-geek; should I capitalize Internet?)

I'm sending you an Umberto Eco (*The Name of the Rose*) essay on what makes something pornographic. You'll like it. I think.

John Stone
Oklahoma City, OK

Rod:

Enclosed is $3.50. Please send me a copy of your *MST3000* issue, **HITCH** 2. I have been looking for an episode list for that show. Do you happen to know if they ever did *Rat Pfink a Boo-Boo* (1965)? That, for me, is the worst film ever made.

Franklin Lee Johnson
Santa Cruz, CA

No, they never tackled Steckler's bold backyard film and probably never will. For me, anything touched by Oliver Stone would have to be the worst film ever made.

Rod:

Please send me a copy of **HITCH**. Thanks.

Mary Kinnuhen
Rhinelander, WI

You're welcome, Mary. (Note to readers: Mary also enclosed money. We like for you to say nice things about us, but it won't get you free issues.)

Rod M. Lott,

Here's $4 for **HITCH** 2. I'm especially interested in the article on Xuxa ("Xuxa: Then and Now!") because I have a friend who watches the show all the time on cable, and he doesn't even know Spanish! He's in love. Also, what else do you sell and do you have issue #1 still available? Thanks a lot.

William Landsburg
Dorchester, MA

What else do I sell? Not my body, if that's what you're getting at. I guess I just sell this **HITCH** *thing all about. It seems to sell itself, actually. Yes, we do still have copies of the first issue (second printing!), as we do all issues. Even if we run out, it only takes one person to send $4 and a request in to get us to rush out and get more made, because — living in a capitalist society — we love money, dammit, and we're proud to admit it. Please send more, William.*

Rod,

HITCH 6 is excellent, maybe the best to date. Highlights include "Ask Dr. Murphy, Robodoc," "Excerpts from David Hasselhoff's *Baywatch* Diary" and the Village People concert review. Can't believe you could sit through that last one. Wow. Excellent stuff.

Chris Henry
Swainsboro, GA

Rod,

I got my **HITCH** 6 yesterday. Thanks. I enjoy being in the "Heapin' Mailbag." Biggest laugh so far: "Enjoy these nipples." You are insane. I love you. The snowman thing ("The Snowjob") was hilarious. The many faces of Hasselhoff was also insanely funny. Orgasmic. Malena's piece about the catalogue finds ("It Came from Catalog Hell") was really good. I especially liked the leprechaun shoes and the farting dog.

I saw *White* the other day. I like that Pollack fimmmaker. He's good.

Taylor Holland
Austin, TX

Rod,

Have you ever done any acting? I'm watching this movie on cable called *The Great Bikini Off-Road Adventure*, and there's a guy in it who looks just like you, from what I've seen of you in **HITCH**, that is.

You play the pivotal role of the tourist that implants the thought of having the same bikini-clad girls who are fixing the

A LETTER FROM THAT ROD GUY

Yeah, I'm alive, and thanks to all those kind souls out there who e-mailed to make sure of the fact on the day the Federal Building in downtown Oklahoma City exploded. April 19, to be exact. I was about five miles away, and boy, could I feel it.

But enough about that. It *is* indeed a tragedy, and the day of, driving and walking around OKC was just plain *weird*. A couple days after — around the time Connie Chung and Geraldo Rivera muscled their way into town to offend just about everyone in the state, to be exact — things got even weirder. To wit:

1. A woman called one of the radio stations to request that, to show her thanks to everyone for caring, they play Bette Midler's "Wind Beneath My Wings." I had to hear that four-minute horror at least six more times that day.

2. A DJ on the oldies station interrupted his show to read a poem he had wrote. Behind his prose was an incredibly slow piano rendition of "Amazing Grace." The line that struck me the most went something like, *"And don't forget the dads and moms / Who are no more because of the bombs."* After his final stanza, "Grace" gave way to an equally somber version of "Boomer Sooner," the official fight song of the University of Oklahoma football team. Whatever.

3. The aforementioned Chung asked our fire chief if our fire and police departments could really handle such a situation. You know he wanted to smack her.

4. A CNN reporter called one of our men in blue — on the air, too — a "Barney Fife." Interesting that whenever the networks needed a man-on-the-street opinion, they searched out only feed stores and the BBQ joints that don't even stock napkins. It seems that they went out of their way to maintain Oklahoma's hayseed image, which, for the record, is not at all an accurate reflection. We may say "y'all," but we don't sleep with our siblings.

Jeeps to start giving tours in the desert, thereby saving the owners (whose lawyer niece plays the smart bathing beauty who provides the brain power to save the business before taking her clothes off to have sex with the hunky neighbor who runs a river-rafting business; quite an original plot, don't ya think?) from foreclosure and losing the pristine land to ruthless developers who plan to start mining. Once the girls (who are now giving Jeep tours) clear civilization, the Winger-meets-Warrant '80s-style hair-band hard rock starts flowing so obviously, the girls' tops start flyin'.

I am completely convinced the above-mentioned genre of music will forever survive the latest fads and trends as long as there are T&A movies being made. Whadda you think?

Dwain Henry
St. Mary's, GA

While I have indeed done some acting, I (sadly) was not a cast member of The Great Bikini Off-Road Adventure. *No, my experience as a thespian is limited to three commercials I did as a child (including one for Sonic, in which I consumed French fries and waved from the backseat of my mom's station wagon; remember me?) and my legendary role as a cow in a second-grade play.*

Rod,

Fantastic job. I loved **HITCH** 6; it's easily the best zine I have in my small collection. In a word, I laughed my balls off. But, I do have one question. Where did you get all that great clip art? Like the *Baywatch* cast photo? On the net? That's great stuff. Keep up the good work.

Heath Doerr
West Lafayette, IN

Dear Rod,

First things first: From your picture with Frosty ("The Snowjob"), you look like a nice guy. Tell your wife I'm not trying to pick you up or anything — recently and happily married myself. But you don't look like one of these psychos, so I feel like I can correspond with you and not worry that you might send dryer lint throught the mail or anything...

Secondly, I *loved* **HITCH** 6.

Thirdly, I'm a bit confused about the winner of the **HITCH** 1994 essay contest. Was that really the best essay you received? As a ex-AVer myself, I found Geoffrey Alford's memories to be a bit, well, tame. Of course, I went to a Catholic school, so everything not made by a Catholic was considered "racy" and, therefore, we had more room to...shock, and as it was an old Catholic school, I mean that literally.

Fourthly, it's true; oh, God, it is *so* true. Sugar Smacks really *do* make your pee smell. As does aspargus. I tried the two together (in the name of science, mind you) and I found that together they remove hard water stains and rust. I'm not sure if it beats 2,000 Flushes, but will let you know (hard to experiment, as Sugar Smacks and asparagus only last about 500 pees). You do realize that it is only because you look fairly normal from your picture that I write and discuss my unirary system.

Fifthly, how about a combination of *Knight Rider* and *Baywatch*? David Hasselhoff could drown trying to save Kitt from an evil speedboat. No? Well, it was a thought nonetheless.

And finally, someday I would like to get some of your back issues. But for right now, it takes me two weeks to earn five bucks.

Regina Hiney
Bayonne, NJ

Hi, Rod—

I just read your article in the new *Factsheet 5*, and then the review of **HITCH**. The article was great and the zine sounds cool.

Tom Lupoff
Austin, TX

Hey Rod:

How ya doin'? I know this is gonna sound like a form letter, but each issue just improves with leaps and bounds. "The Mentos FAQ" (**HITCH** 6) will go into my permanent collection of reference materials. What a great fuckin' idea. I'm in the middle of moving, so everything I own is somewhere were it's not supposed to be. I'm gonna finish your latest when I get unpacked, grab a beer, turn up the stereo and kick back.

I don't have it in front of me (I'm at work), but did you review *Superstar*, the Carpenters flick by the cat who did *Poison*? I'd love to see it. Also, did you ever notice that ABC's Sam Donaldson is a real-life *Thunderbirds* puppet? One scary dude. Have you ever seen the *Thunderbirds* movie? Pretty twisted. I'm glad someone else out there likes 'em. (Most people I mention the word "Thunderbird"

to think I'm talking about booze.)

I picked up the *Factsheet 5* and read your piece...yes, the office is a wonderful place for a zinester (I'm at one as I type this)!

John Chilson
San Francisco, CA

Rod,

Hey, I saw your *Factsheet 5* review and **HITCH** sounds cool. I'm sending you my zine for trade. It's about sharks (this time anyway) and I hope you like it. Maybe you could review it. Thanks.

I also enjoyed your *F5* article. My work is good for staples and white-out and free cash. Oops! Pretend I never said that (heh-heh).

Jon
Olympia, WA

Of course **HITCH** *sounds cool. That's because it* is *cool. Your wish has been granted, Jon: Your zine is reviewed in this issue's installment of "Reading Material."*

Dear Rod—

Here's $7 for **HITCH** #s 4 and 5. Much obliged.

Doug Hooper
Arlington, TX

Rod,

Hey — **HITCH** got into the Editor's Choice column of the latest issue of *Factsheet 5*. Here's $4 (I don't like sending change through the mail) and a couple of stamps. Thanks.

Abby Kanarek
Mission Viejo, CA

Dear Zine Publisher,

I read a review of**HITCH** in the new *Factsheet 5* and I was hoping you'd send me your most recent issue. If I like what you do, and if it seems like our readers would get something out of it, I'll do my best to get it reviewed, excerpted or otherwise referenced in *Utne Reader*. Warning: I can't promise anything, so don't send anything if you expect immediate results!

Sorry about the form letter. Over and out.

Josh Glenn
Utne Reader
Minneapolis, MN

Hmmm...back when I was in high school, the Utne Reader *sent me one of those cards offering to send me a free, no-obligation issue. Having never read your publication, I thought, "Why not?" Along with that first issue came a subscription invoice, so I simply marked "CANCEL" on it, as instructed, since I did not like your magazine. Lo and behold, I got a couple more invoices later, which I ignored, and then a letter from a credit bureau wanting money. So as to your request for a free issue, I say "No way." You all can afford to buy one like everyone else here. Besides, your readers eat a lot of granola and I would like to think that* **HITCH** *readers are more of the greasy diner type, and damn proud of it.*

Rod,

Please send two copies of **HITCH** to me. Thanx...

Eric Hamen
Waterford, MI

Dear Rod,

I'm reading the latest *Factsheet 5* (openly chuckling while ensconced at my temp job at a large conglomerate in downtown NYC) and I can't tell you how much I enjoyed your article. Now let me share with you the joys of being a temp (actually, it's just *one* joy: writing, outputting and mailing your zine all free of charge, not to mention picking up material for upcoming issues).

I'm enclosing my zine for you. I know it's kinda small and the fonts are kinda boring, *but* it was done totally on THE MAN's time. I've been at this hellhole of a place since August 1994 and have even managed to write my now-defunct zine (shut down, in fact, by corporate America) all on the bosses' time clock. To redeem myself (somewhat), *Plotz* is a free zine, because I can produce it all on the bosses' dime. All the better for The Kids, I say.

Anyway, enclosed find my $3.50 for **HITCH**. I look forward to reading it. Something tells me I'm going to like it.

Barbara
New York City, NY

Dear Rod:

After reading *Factsheet 5*'s "Editor's Choice," I thought I would send you back issues of my newsletter, *Echolalia*. Also enclosed is $20 for a subscription to **HITCH**. Thanks very much. I'm looking forward to reading your publication.

John K. Scariano
Albuquerque, NM

5. A local reporter told his viewing audience that rescuers were now requesting donations of "Vicks VapoRub, to help with the stench....That's all I have to say about that."

Well, then, thanks, Mr. Gump.

✍ ✍ ✍

As evidenced by the letters here, yeah, I had an article in *Factsheet 5* #55. Entitled "Work Schmerk!: Tips, Techniques and Scams to On-the-Job Zineing," it is fairly amusing, and you should all rush out a buy a copy. Also totally unrelated to my article is a wealth of glowing praise from the *F5* publisher, who liked our Prostate Awareness Issue (**HITCH** 5) enough to place us in the oft-coveted "Editor's Choice" column.

Since then, I've received several subscription and sample issue requests, which is great. We're finally getting somewhere, and getting better, too. However, I've also had people send their zines in for trades. This creates problems. Don't send me your flimsy, eight-page pamphlet and expect one of mine in return. Sizewise, you're not holding up your end of the bargain. I'll ignore these requests. Sorry, but it costs me money, and since I'm not making dough off this, I can't afford to spend it recklessly.

And, yes, believe it or not, *all* the money that comes in to **HITCH** goes right back into it.

Sure, when you send me a couple of quarters in the mail, I might use those quarters to buy a Coke, but my creativity doesn't really flow unless I've had at least two carbonated beverages that day, so I consider that to be a necessary and justifiable expenditure.

Don't you?

Anyway, my carpal tunnel syndrome's really starting to bug me and, besides, I've been here for too long, so I'm signing off.

Until August, hope you have much summer fun, and remember, it's perfectly alright to sing real loud when you're driving.

—Rod

Wow. Subscribing without ever having seen an issue. Congratulations, Mr. Scari-ano, you've just been named **HITCH***'s reader (or soon-to-be) of the month.*

WIN $$$!

The FBI's Fugitive of the Month

WANTED
For Racketeering / Attempted Arson / Mail Fraud

Thomas Hue Cox

ALIAS: Hugh Thomas Cox, Thomas Hugh Cox, Thomas Cox, Hugh Thomas, Buddy Cox, Dr. T. Cox, Dr. Thomas, Mr. T, T-Mr. Cox
DOB: 7 / 11 / 32
BIRTHPLACE: Mitchell County, NC
HEIGHT / WEIGHT: 5'7", 130-175 lbs.
BUILD: heavy
HAIR: brown and graying
EYES: brown
COMPLEXION: medium
RACE: white
SOCIAL SECURITY: 277-32-5544
IDENTIFYING SCARS: 2-inch scar over his forehead

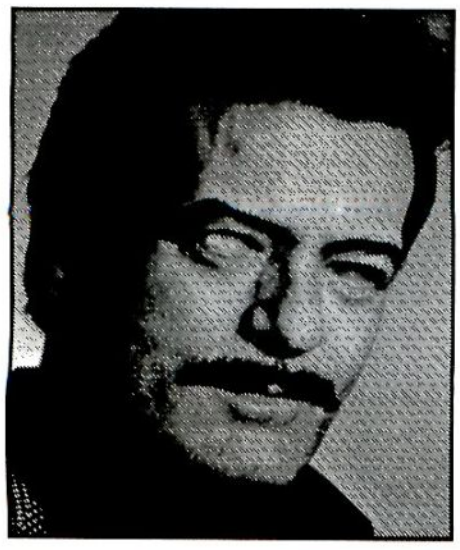
This Thomas Hue Cox character is one big nerd.

I mean, think about it. First of all, he's wanted for mail fraud, of all things. *Mail fraud.* Big deal. Anyone could defraud the Postal Service if they wanted to.

Secondly, he frequents racetracks. Win, place or show, that spells out G-E-E-K.

Third, one of his many aliases is — get this — "Mr. T." That's right: Mr. T. Just like that muscular black guy on *The A-Team.* Well, listen up, Tommy! I pity the fool who tries to cheat the mailmen of this country!

Seen him? Give the FBI a call at their national HQ at (202) 324-3000.



The Robert Goulet

DEATH WATCH

Approximately 26 years and 8 months remaining

LOOK WHO'S BITCHING

Wichita Confidential

ITEM: A friend of mine has an uncle who is a police officer. Recently, he pulled over a car for driving 44 in a 20 mph zone.

Upon reaching the car, he discovered it was Kirstie Alley, who was in town for the opening of a new Church of Scientology. She proceeded to scream profanities and to exclaim "Don't you know who I am? I'm Kirstie Alley!" Her ticket will cost her $75.

ITEM: While eating out the other night, my wife Debbie asked our waitress Amanda what the steamed vegetable was. She told her it was "broccoli and *cold-flower.*" Debbie said it was the best she had ever eaten.

—Ken Davis

JOURNALISM 101

Excerpt from a Not-at-All-Good High School Newspaper

"Wondering where to take that special someone? Throughout the year, Danny and I will be reviewing restaurants and places to go for lunch. This month we went into the heart of Bricktown to the Bricktown Brewery. The Brewery is open Monday through Thursday at sometime we don't know."

INTERNERD.INFO
Email: atomicbk@clark.net
BBS: 410.669.4179
NIRVANAnet Node 9:200/1
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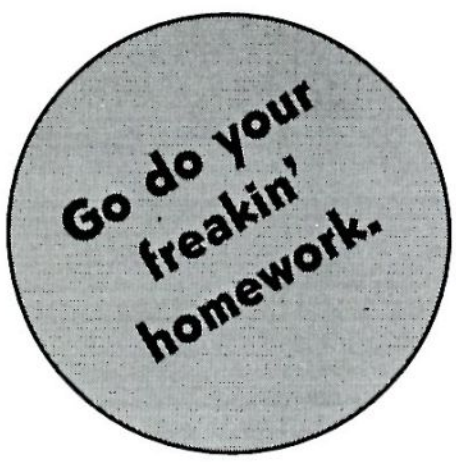
ftp clark.net /pub/atomicbk
World Wide Web:
http://www.clark.net/pub/atomicbk/home.html
ATOMIC BOOKS
literary finds for mutated minds

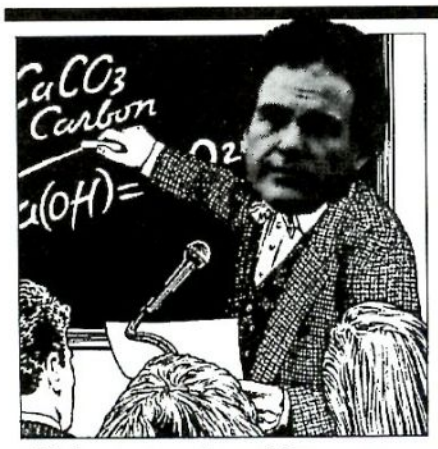
Free HITCH Pog Milkcaps!

Hey Kids!

Wow, whatta craze! You kids sure do know how to have some *serious* playground fun! As "Pog" — that wild game you play with cool milkcaps — continues to sweep the nation, we at **HITCH** celebrate our first birthday. And what better way to celebrate than to give *you* a gift? That's right, you got it: **HITCH** milkcaps! Simply snip 'em out, affix to cardboard with glue and then go have your pogolicious fun, you kuh-razy kids of today, you!



Oliver Stone +



Stephen King = A surrealistic look at a troubled cave-dwelling couple that practices evil trickery to lure victims into their cave. Shot using multiple colors and film stocks, this wild ride of scary surprises will leave you breathless.

Tom Clancy = A government spy is taken captive by a group of rebels from another country who plan to kill the President of the United States. Shot using multiple film stocks (including 3-D), this wild ride through the surreal world of espionage will surprise you and leave you breathless.

John Grisham = This exciting courtroom thriller takes you to Columbia, where all is not well. A drug lord uses his influence to influence the government, and young, scrappy Harvard Law grad Jake Fitz is the gay lawyer who must stop him. Shot using various angles, multiple film stocks and utterly disturbing sound effects, this wild ride through the world of drugs and law will leave you disturbed and not at all pleased.

Ken Burns = This documentary, entitled *Football* takes a compelling look at the origin of the sport, as well as the toils and snares not portrayed on the networks' cameras. Narrated by James Earl Jones and Crispin Glover, this wild ride will leave you breathless and speechless.

Akiro Kurosawa = This wild ride through the tainted world of Emperor Hirohito's reign on Japan and the life he lived, shot on-site in a funhouse using computer-generated graphics and microchip devices, Hirohito lives and breathes and talks just like you and me. "Spooky, disturbing, yet a story that had to be told," says Hole fan Tog Messman. *—Steve Hunt*

rec.pets.dogs.behavior
From: dpbaker@su1.in.net
Subject: Dog Eating Stool
Date: 28 Mar 1995 14:49:30 GMT

I have a Female Labrador Retriever. She has the disgusting habit of eating her stools. :(Yuk! What can you do to break a dog of this disgusting habit apart from watching them every minute their in the back yard. What motivates this behavior?

rec.music.makers.bagpipe
From: bartok@ix.netcom.com
Subject: Piping with a cold
Date: 3 Apr 1995 02:02:09 GMT

I've managed to get a terrible cold, flu, bronchitis, or something this week – the week of my very first solo piping competition. I wheezed my way through the Tattoo last night, but I don't want to break into a coughing fit in front of the judge and I really want to be able to practice productively this week.

Any suggestions from you long-time pipers out there?

rec.parks.theme
From: penhgwyn@crl.com
Subject: Any costumed characters out there?
Date: 31 Mar 1995 12:30:11

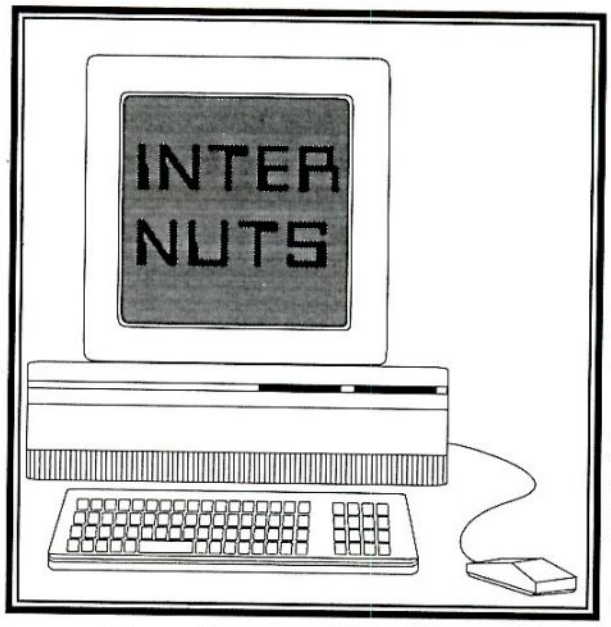
Howdy there!

I've always wanted to work as one of the costumed characters at a theme park, and now I'm finally close enough to one (Paramount's Great America in Santa Clara, to be precise) to try it. I've got my application in, and they'll be doing interviews/auditions for the summer season in mid-April. So, has anyone out there done this kind of work? I'm trying to get as much information as I can about what the interviewers will be looking for, and what the job itself is like. Any info you could send me would be greatly appreciated. :)
— Brian "aspiring Dino" Hagen

rec.pyrotechnics
From: evilbeast@aol.com
Subject: I know how to make bombs
Date: 31 Mar 1995 22:47:25 -0500

I know how to make bombs...and most of you don't. I feel real sorry for you so one of these days I'm gonna upload some of my files.

alt.crackers
From: dpuertas@cs.bu.edu
Subject: Rits Bits Sandwiches
Date: 3 Apr 1995 05:43:07 GMT



Compiled by Ken Davis

I heard there was NEW FLAVOR of Ritz Bits crackers! Can anyone from Nabisco confirm this rumor!??

alt.flame.roommate
From: scheraga@eden.rutgers.edu
Subject: Food thieving bastard
Date: 30 Mar 1995 16:46:41 -0500

Last time I went food shopping I bought two boxes of frozen turkey and cheese pockets. They went into the freezer. I live with about 10 people, and we all use the freezer.

Okay, fine. So Sunday night I get hungry and open a box and eat one. There is one more left in the box. Okay. Fine. No problem. The next day I go back for the other one, and what do you know? It's gone! Oh the BOX is still there, but it's empty! Someone ate my shit and put the empty box back like I wasn't going to notice. All right. This I can deal with. I throw away the empty box and open the other one. This time, I crumple the box around the remaining pocket, thinking it would discourage a recurrence. I figured whoever had stolen it the first time wouldn't be a dick enough to do it again two days later. Silly me. I go back for the remaining pocket the next day, and guess what! Oh yeah, the box was still there, and crumpled up, just how I left it. But the remaining pocket has magically vanished! By this time, I'm pissed. I mean, really pissed. They put the shit back like I wasn't going to put 2 and 2 together and figure out someone stole my food. And since everyone I live with is supposed to be a friend of mine and since nobody fessed up when I asked them, I'm feeling slightly homicidal. I'm ready for blood. This isn't the first time this has happened, by the way.

So I've decided what I'm going to do. I'm going to buy another box, eat one, and taint the other. I wanted to add broken glass or thumbtacks or something, but that is real mean-spirited. I want to cause pain, but I don't want permanent damage. What I'm thinking now is syrup of ipecac, but I'd prefer something that provided pain, not embarassment. Any ideas? Man, I can't wait to get this bastard.

From: obiwan@netcom.com
Subject: Dorm floor From Hell
Date: Fri, 31 Mar 1995 20:38:10 GMT

I started out writing a really long description of stuff, but I figured nobody would read it if it was that long. So, here's the short version. This is what happened on my dorm floor freshman year of college:

One aborted pregnancy (Val and John)

One attempted murder with a letter opener (John and Katya)

One lounge fire by setting the furniture on fire (Gele)

Two bathroom floods by stuffing tampons in the men's room sink (Alex)

Many fist fights and brutal arguments

One restraining order (Katya and John)

31 pulled fire alarms (Gele and Alex)

Many sessions of very loud sex... dialogue: "Fuck you!" "No, Fuck ME!" (Catherine and boyfriend)

Many instances of RA parading half-nude through girl's hall

alt.mcdonalds
From: nbosser@cello.gina.calstate.edu
Subject: Bacon Double Cheese Burger
Date: 30 Mar 1995 21:13:33 GMT

Bacon double cheese burgers are the greatest ever. It's about time McDonald's found some bacon.

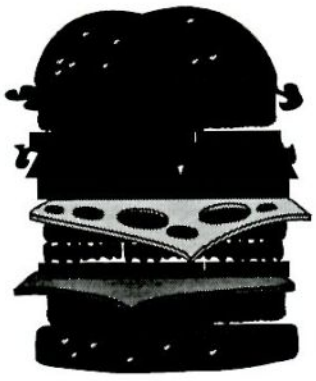
From: jsee+@andrew.cmu.edu
Subject: My first memory of McDonalds
Date: Thu, 30 Mar 1995 11:35:56 -0500

My first memory of a McDonalds was back in Corning, NY, circa 1980ad, approximately. It's a really small factory town, where the main industry is glass-making. They've got a really neat glass museum there, but I digress.

I beleive I was either 5 or 6, since I was in Corning for Kindergarten and came to DC for second grade. I'm sure I had been to McDonalds before this time, but this particular visit sticks in my mind. Corning was (and maybe still is) the site of one of the "test" McDonalds, where they tried out new menu items before putting them in

Nationwide McDonalds. I remember that the McRib had just come out in the test market. I guess Corning was the rural-factory-town test for the McRib, to see if all the poor factory workers liked eating pork ribs pressed into a shape that looked as if there were still bones in it. The McRib didn't go over well with my toddler tastebuds, but I always loved my fries.

I remember going to McDonalds this particular time, probably after school, with one of my friends, who was this cute and sassy little red headed girl, and her mother. I didn't see her very much. We had fundamental differences. She liked playing house and with her dolls. I liked playing with my matchbox cars and train set. There was just no compromising on that. Any-way, I distinctly remember her mother chastising me for wolfing down my fries. She told me to slow down and eat my hamburger. For the life of me, I can't remember what was in my happy meal. Anyway, I started to eat my hamburger again, grudgingly, because of course the red head was eating hers like a good little girl, and I didn't want to be the bad guy in the picture.



But then, I spied her mothers meal. It was the fabled chicken McNuggets. I had seen my parents eat them before, but I had never tried them. I asked for one, and she told me to eat my hamburger. I made her a deal. I eat my hamburger, she gives me some nugget (I don't think I ate a whole one). She agreed, and I began tearing through the hamburger till I had almost finished. I couldn't do it, though, since I was only a little tyke and had a small stomach, compared to the one I have now, anyway. :) She rewarded my efforts with a peice of one of her nuggets, a kind gesture on her part. I dipped it in the sauce and bit into it. It was like the entire universe made sense (as much as it can to a 5 year old), and I knew I had made a new friend, Mr. McNugget. This friendship grew and blossomed as I slowly moved up from the 6 peice to the 9 peice and eventually the 12 peice.

Life was good for McNugget and I, until I tried the Big Mac. Now that's another story altogether. ;) **H**

Ask Dr. Murphy, ROBODOC

Dr. Murphy is a family practitioner in Boise, Idaho. A father of two, he is a graduate of Harvard Medical School, president of the Idaho Medical Association and can singe things with his left eye. He is a cyborg.

Dear Dr. Murphy: As if the recent heat we have been having is not enough to bear, I've also had to contend with sharp pains in my right hip. I play a lot of hoops with the gang and all, but I can't recall any isolated incident in which I might have strained it. So what gives? Should I give up hoops or hope it stops hurting? —Johnny H.

Dear Johnny: I can tell that you enjoy this fine game you like to call "hoops." But I need more data. When you feel this lingering pain you spoke of in your correspondence, do you ever smell something resembling burning flesh? If so, then perhaps your circuits linking to the servos in your kneecap are shorting out. If this proves to be an accurate diagnosis, come to my office and I will singe the affected area with my left eye. I am a cyborg.

• • •

Dear Dr. Murphy: As if the early end of the ball season isn't enough to get me steamed, I've been unwillingly banished from my makeshift basketball court in my backyard. You see, my court has been taken over by a horde of large bees. They think they own the place, and in a sense, they do. The collaborative efforts of no ball to watch and no ball to play have left me in a state of depression, affecting me both mentally and physically. What can I do? I've called my local Bee-Busters, but their quote was way too high. Please help me. —Howard A.

Dear Howard: As for the ball strike, Howard, I recommend you purchase my new computer game, *Robodoc's Baseball Simulator 2000*. You can replay a season in just two weeks, and it comes equipped with a stat compiler, built-in artificial intelligence and six real-life renderings of big league parks. Expansion disks are due out soon; seek them out at your favorite game shop. With regards to the bees, try hanging strips of bacon on your rim and see if the smell pressures them away. If it does not, call me and I will come to your home and singe the bees and their hives with my left eye. I am a cyborg.

Tom Neesnan's Belated Movie Reviews

Don't Tell Mom the Babysitter's Dead
(1991)
Rating: 9 1/2 out of 10

Tell Mom about this great story! Not since *White Palace* has a movie brought out such emotion in my inner-self as to make me laugh, cry and clap! There were funny lines in this movie and a funny part involving plates, guns and the line "Dishes are done!" I had to see this film twice because I was laughing so hard at that quip that I missed what was said after that.

Oh, God! You Devil
(1984)
Rating: 9 1/2 out of 10

This fine film about a songwriter played by Ted Wass is really good. I guess you could say Ted *Wass* really good in this movie! Basically, he sells his soul for success, and fun ensues! When this comes out on video, I think I will buy it and watch it again! If George Burns decides to make another one, then God help us all! I don't know if my sides will be able to take the laughter!

Turner and Hooch
(1989)
Rating: 9 1/2 out of 10

This movie has a man and a dog in it and was very good to see. That fuzzy-headed man from *Bosom Buddies* plays a zany detective that gets stuck with a hound that's a big ol' dog! The story gets real interesting when a crime has to be solved and, of course, the big dog does lots of funny things (including poots!), much to the chagrin of the man from *Bosom Buddies*. See it; you'll love it!

STATS

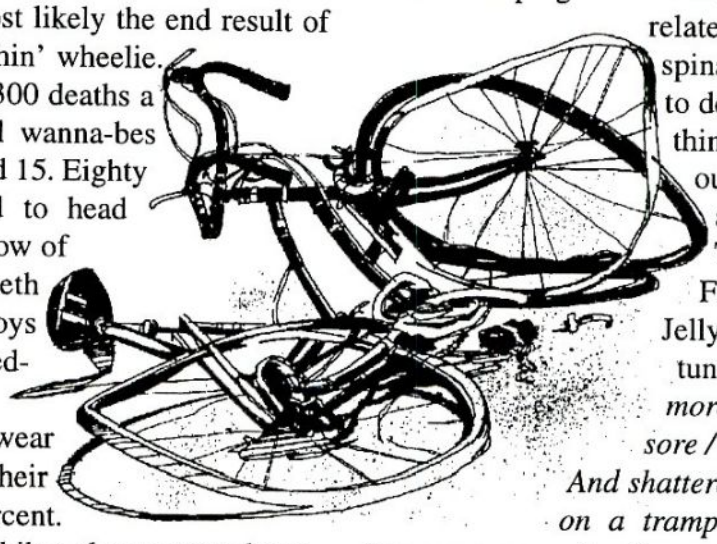
Summertime Blues:

Cycle, Equestrian and Trampoline Mayhem

Ah, summer. Hot dogs, fireworks and cold, hard tragedy.

With all the fun-filled activities that the sweltering season brings, serious injury and that ultimate downer of death come along, too.

Biking — In 1985, there were 574,000 accidents on bikes that required trips to the hospital, most likely the end result of what no doubt began as a truly bitchin' wheelie. Bike accidents contribute to about 1,300 deaths a year, with most of the Evel Knievel wanna-bes being between the tender ages of 5 and 15. Eighty percent of those deaths are related to head injuries. There are no statistics we know of regarding badly skinned knees, teeth knocked out by handlebars or — for boys only — the ever-popular being-racked-by-the-middle-bar.



Studies show that those kids who wear helmets while riding can decrease their risk a blow to the head by 85 percent. However, only 23 percent of kids with bikes also are proud owners of helmets, and a scant 5 percent of them use put the things on.

Their reasons for not covering their noggins?

- "It doesn't look cool." (45 percent)
- "My friends will make fun of me." (22 percent)
- "They cost too much." (11 percent)

Conventional wisdom suggests helmet use could increase by showing children clips of Gary Busey performances from *Under Siege*, *Point Break* and *Drop Zone*.

Horseback riding — A horse is a horse, of course, and that means bumping kids on their asses. Twenty percent of horsey-related injuries involve the brain and spinal cord. Again, helmets are thought to decrease risk of injury, but you might think differently, given that horses can outrun any bicycle — Huffy or no — any time, any day.

Trampoline — You know that Flaming Lips hit "She Don't Use Jelly"? Apply these lyrics to the jolly tune: *"I know a boy who / walks no more / It's not that his feet are / hurt or sore / It's that his butt hit some concrete / And shattered his spleen / And it all happened / on a trampoline / On a trammmmmpoline / Trammmmmmpoline."*

Despite all the fun that goes hand-in-hand with repetitive bouncing, trampolines are, in reality, a tool of quadraplegia waiting to happen. In 1987, 14,660 would-be jumpsters were sent to the ER as a result of a flip gone awry. From 1957 to 1984, 114 of them have lost the use of their arms and legs.

Have fun, kids!

—Rod Lott

Richard Pringle's Bachelor Tips

Howdy, all ya eligbel bachlers. This here's Richard Pringle's speakin'. I've got some advice fer ya ta use so's you can get ya some now'n again. I myself am quite the playboy hereabouts round the Sunshine Trailer Park, so's you can trust me. Make sure ya memrize all the sayins so's ta use 'em at any tractor pull, titty bar or state fair. Here goes!

1. "C'mon, lil' darlin'. It'll be our little secret." (to use on the younguns)

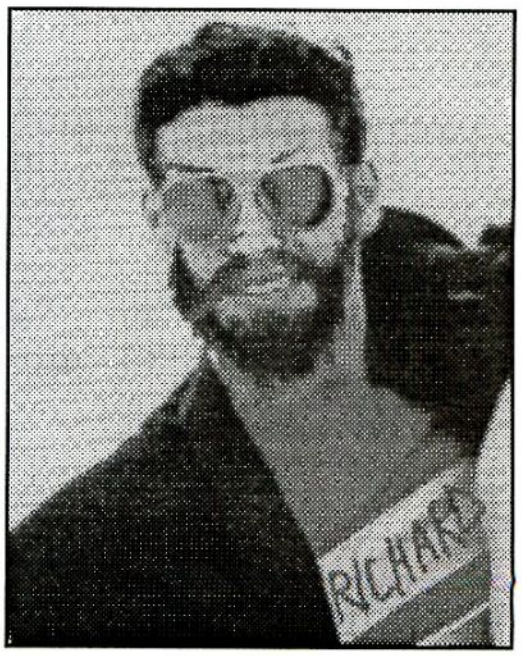
2. "I reckon there's an Indian taco somewhere's round here with your name on it, and I got the food stamps ta wrassle it up!" (works good at the fair)

3. "I'm darn near hornier'na three-balled tomcat!" (universal)

4. "I got my very own place with its own license plate and wheels and all!" (universal, but must have mobile home)

5. "Gawlee, you got bigger 'uns than my sister!" (universal)

6. "Don't you worry, honey, I like 'em hefty. More pushin' fer the cushion!" (to use on the bigguns; not mine originally, heard it from my Uncle Roy)



7. "See this here name on my belt buckle? Yep, Richard, that's me!" (must own belt buckle with name on it; can be obtained at any state fair or craft show)

8. "How's 'bout I buy ya a funnel cake an'a feather clip and we can do the mommy-daddy dance?" (will work only at fair; have not yet found either items anywheres else)

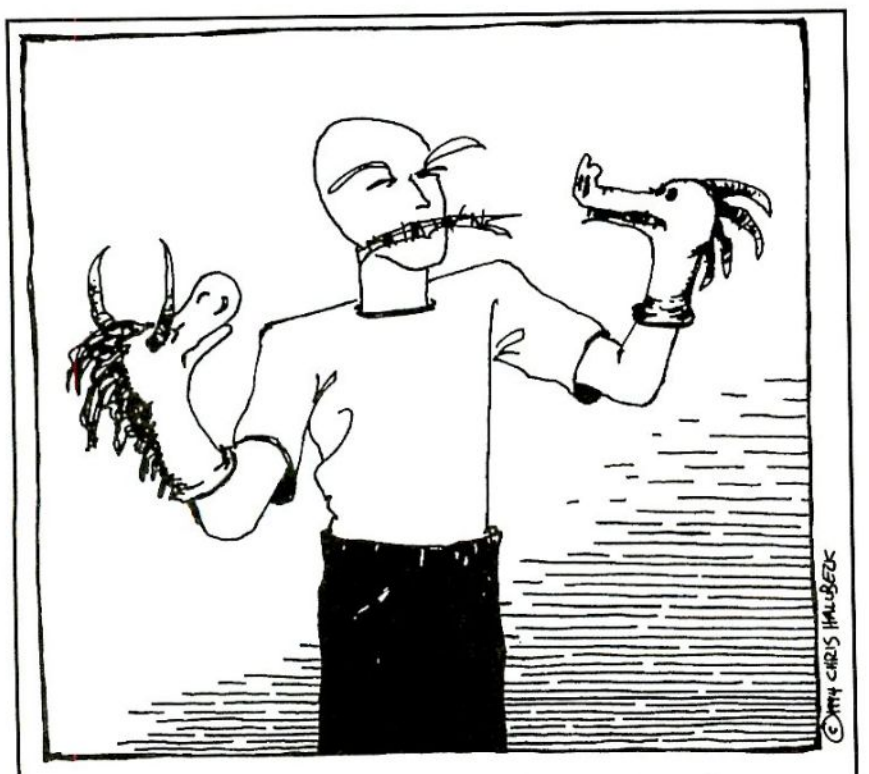
9. "Lube up 'n be in my trailer in 20 minutes, darlin'!" (once again, must have trailer 'n lube; motor oil or cattle dewormer works good)

—Richard Pringle

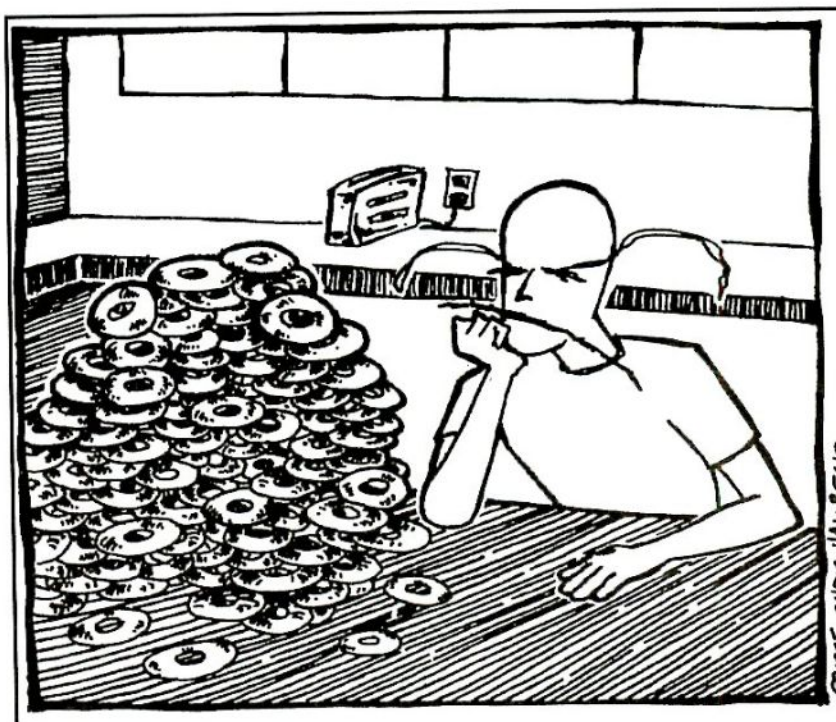
BIFF

BY CHRIS HALLBECK

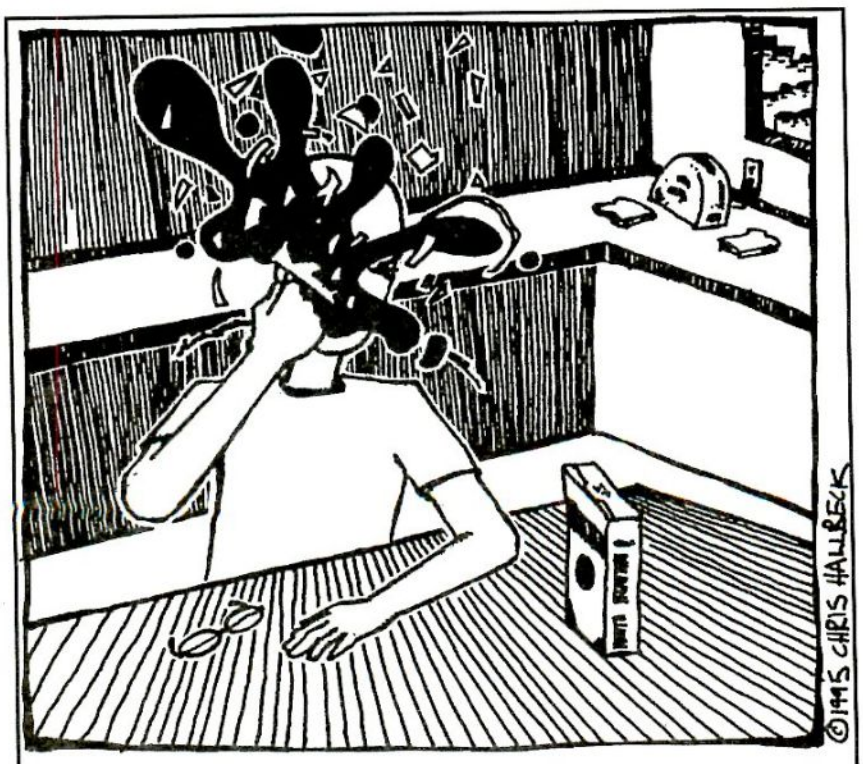
Write to *The Book of Biff* at 46 S. Glenview, Lombard, IL 60148. E-mail: BiffLink@ix.netcom.com



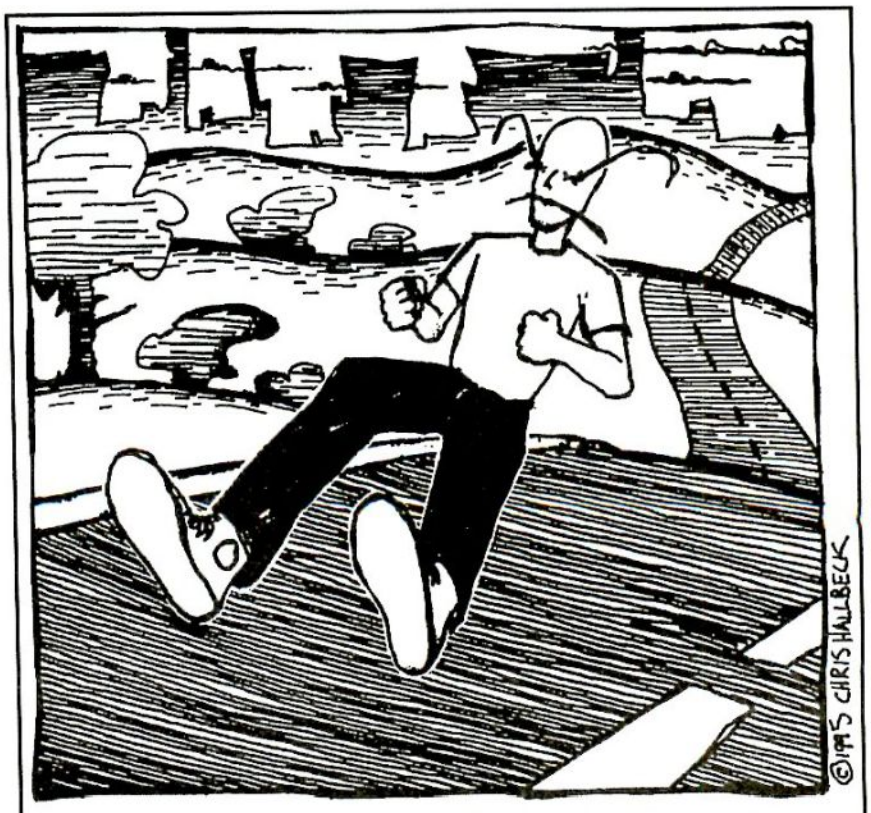
BIFF TRIES TO GET RID OF AN ANNOYING ITCH BY USING SCARY HAND PUPPETS.



BIFF DECIDED TO STOP MIXING YEAST INTO HIS ORANGE JUICE AFTER REALIZING THAT EVERY TIME HE WOULD LOOK TO THE RIGHT... BAGELS WOULD APPEAR.



BIFF FINDS THAT IT IS BAD TO LEAVE HIS COFFEE NEXT TO HIS GLASSES.



BIFF, DRIVING HIS GREEN INVISIBLE CAR.

UnTattoo You

By Rod Lott

Now retired from the working world, Gerald remembers the date as he rolls up his right shirt sleeve: Sept. 1, 1950.

That was the day he cowardly caved into pressure from several goading buddies and had the initials of the United States Navy tattooed in script onto his arm in permanent, blue ink.

"I've regretted it ever since," he said. "It's become an embarrassment to me over the years."

Nearly 45 unpleasant years later, jolly Gerald has come to the dermatology clinic at a nearby university in hopes that modern technology can erase a decades-old mistake.

For the past year and a half, the clinic has been employing a double-frequency laser to remove tattoos, once thought to be the body art that lasts forever. The laser fires 10 pulses per second to break up the tattoo dye. The doctor who uses it estimated that, so far, some 150 people have been treated.

"No one really knows for sure how it works," he explained. "It is believed that the dye is in the skin, and the power of the laser explodes it into small pieces, and then the macrophage cells eat up the pigment and carry it away. But this is just theroretical, not proven."

Whatever. At least it works, he said, and works well, a major improvement over the old method of multiple dermabrasions or, in other words, "scraping off the skin with a machine and pulling the dye up with the skin."

Ouch.

Even more important, the laser, unlike the peeling procedure, leaves no scar.

Tattoo removal with the laser involves anywhere from three to 12 treatments approximately four to six weeks apart, he said, mostly depending on the colors of the tattoo in question. Some pigments respond better to the laser; for some reason, green and yellow are harder to treat, so those whose ankles are adorned with marijuana leaves or Snoopy's avian ally Woodstock may find themselves making a few more visits than the guy with the basic black cross.

The doc said — rather poetically — the most common tattoo removed is "the name of some sweetheart or boyfriend – somebody's name, some old love that was going to be there forever. That love is gone, but that name stays."

The district representative for the company that leases the laser said tattoos are removed mostly from the arms and ankles, but a few are located elsewhere.

"Breasts, butts, you name it. You should see this one hot chick who comes in who has a lion right on her crotch," he said. "She looks just like Cindy Crawford. The first time she came in, all the doctors were in here wanting to see."

Given that the laser was approved by the Food and Drug Administration in 1992, the procedure is relatively new, but long-awaited to some.

"I thought for a long time I'd just have to let it rot," Gerald joked about the "U.S.N." on his arm.

Each treatment generally runs between $250 and $500 and lasts a mere five minutes.

The doctor likened the popping of the laser's pulses to being snapped with a rubber band. Gerald, however, disagreed.

"Don't tell anyone else that," he said. "It hurts worse than that."

Lanette, a high school student, said "It's not really bad, just uncomfortable. Actually, it feels a whole lot like getting the tattoo," but much quicker. Her tattoo, a cross just south of her belly button, was applied by a friend. Such amateur tattoos, often made with India ink and a sewing needle, are, luckily for her, among the easiest to remove.

"I thought that whenever I get pregnant, that would distort my tattoo, so I'm going to get a new one on either my wrist or my shoulder," she said. "Something bigger and blacker. But I'm going to a professional next time."

Tattoo parlors, which abound on the streets of such urban metropolises as New York City, are illegal in Oklahoma. The doctor said the old cliché of the tattooed rebel biker might have something to do with that; however, the stereotype is untrue. The patients he sees come from all ages and all walks of life, rendering the "bad boy" stigma of body art archaic.

"I think it all goes back to human nature," the good doctor explained. "Humans, by nature, want to be different. Over the years, there have been several forms of self-mutilation, from lip cups in Indian tribes to ear piercing and makeup. Tattoos are just one form."

He believes the stigma came about through sailors who hung out on wharves with whores. In the '90s, however, a tattoo can be found behind the starched-white collar of even the most conservative yuppie, as well as underneath the pant leg of a four-point high school student.

"In other societies, tattooing is perfectly natural," he said. "In America, we've only recently picked up the idea of adornment for the body. I don't think it's bad or good; it's just like anything else. Asking why someone wants a tattoo is no different from asking why someone wants an earring. It's all just to stand out.

"The problem is our tastes change, and what we may like today may not look so good tomorrow," he said. H

"Dear Mr. Clipson:"

March 6, 1994

Gilbert Cuellar, Jr.
El Chico's Restaurants
P.O. Box 819017
Dallas, Texas 75381-9939

Dear Gilbert:

As a senior citizen who has enjoyed your family's fine Mexican quazine for many many years now, I have never written to you before. But I deem it necessary.

Last night I took my grandkids Billy and Mary to eat at one of your restarants here. As is our custom when dining at El Chico's we ask the waiter to bring the children coloring pages to work on while we wait for our food to arrive. Imagine my horror when our waiter brought young Mary her sheet to color! It was the donkey one, she has colored this one many times before but this time someone on your staff had added offensive naughty parts to the donkey and then brought it to my granddaughter. She will be turning 5 soon and I don't wish her to be exposed to this kind of filth until she is old enough.

I have enclosed a copy of the offensive page so you can see what damage has been done to the reputation of El Chico's. I do not think I will be taking my grandkids there again, fearing a repeat of last night's tragic events.

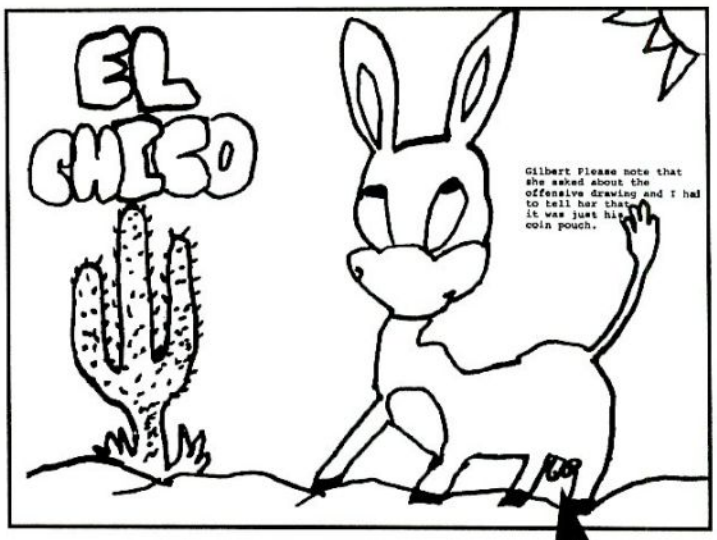
I am also shocked and offended to learn that "El Chico" in English means "the chick." Our waiter told us this and I think it is blantantly sexist. You could probably be acccused of sexual harasment.

I hope we can put this incident behind us. What are your thoughts on the matter sir?

Thank you kindly,

Robert C. Clipson

Robert C. Clipson
5504 N. Tulsa
Oklahoma City, Okla. 73112


EL CHICO
Gilbert Please note that she asked about the offensive drawing and I had to tell her that it was just his coin pouch.

EL CHICO
Para la familia™

March 25, 1994

Mr. Robert Clipson
5504 N. Tulsa
Oklahoma City, OK 73112

Dear Mr. Clipson:

We appreciate you writing to us about your dining experience at our El Chico in Oklahoma City. Please accept our apologies for the unpleasant situation that you experienced.

Our goal is to make sure that you, our guest, are totally satisfied when you come to El Chico. The quality of food and service is designed to ensure this satisfaction. However, in those rare instances when we fall short of your expectations we appreciate the opportunity to both know about it, so we can correct it, and to try to retain you as the valued customer that you are.

I have forwarded your letter to Don Dungy, the Regional Operations Director in Oklahoma City. We did try to make contact with you to determine exactly which restaurant you were given the picture for your granddaughter to color. We are very concerned and embarrassed about the picture and we are doing everything possible to make sure that this situation never happens again.

Please accept the enclosed dinner passes. You are very important to us and we look forward to serving you again soon.

If you ever feel we are falling short again, please do not hesitate to call me at 800-275-1337 extension 156.

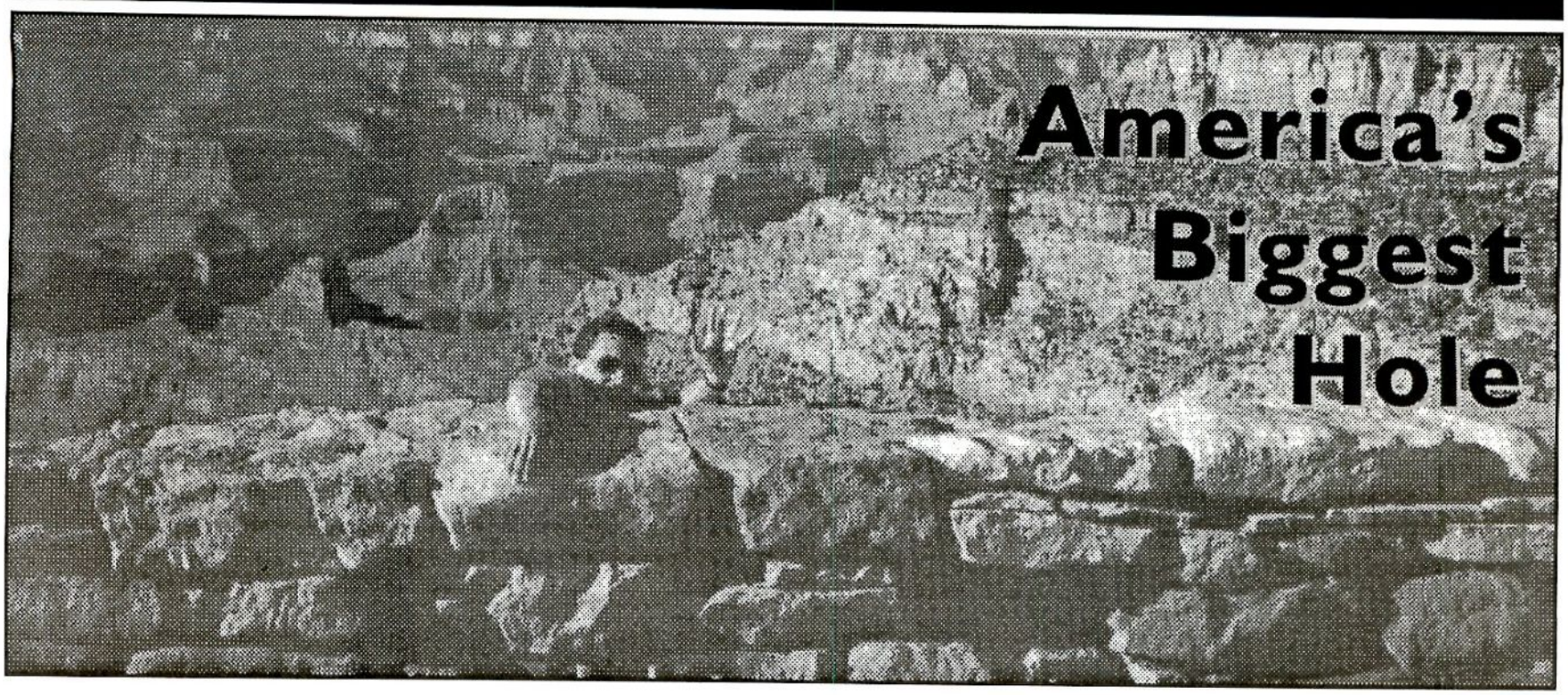
Sincerely,

Krissa Parmley

Krissa Parmley
Office of the Chairman

Mr. Clipson—
Please call me at the restaurant. I'd like to find out more about the incident.
I'm sorry for the problems.

A HE-MAN ADVENTURE



America's Biggest Hole

By Rod Lott

Despite two brushes with death, my Grand Canyon sojourn was all one could hope for from a journey into America's biggest hole.

Driving toward Arizona, my wife and I grew increasingly excited as Oklahoma became more and more of a blur in our rearview mirror and we passed billboards heralding "BEEF JERKY — NEXT EXIT." I had always wanted to see the Grand Canyon, and now I was. (Plus, if I had a hankering for chewy sticks of dead mammal...well, that was at my disposal, too.)

The stereo blared as our borrowed Jeep Cherokee cruised along at — more or less — 65 mph, and I must say, the stupidest lyric ever from a great song has got to be *"Then he took and he ate up all of my corn"* from the Beach Boys' "Sloop John B" (rivaled only by Billy Joel wailing, *"I know there's fish out there, but where God only knows"* from the deck of his "Downeaster Alexa").

As night had fallen and I was slapped with a warning for going three miles over the speed limit (I was, you see, not driving friendly, which is the Texas way), we hit Amarillo and stopped for gas at a Love's Country Store, where my famished significant other purchased a bag of popcorn and 32 ounces of strawberry Diet Coke. The popcorn was loaded with so much sodium that it could have pacified a herd of cattle, and the drink tasted more like a bucket of Triaminic.

We wanted to drive non-stop, so we both did what we could to stay awake. I took five Vivarins within 10 hours.

Helpful tip: *Never take five Vivarins, not even over the course of an entire lifetime.*

I was so sick my stomach was spelunking itself from Gallup, N.M. to Flagstaff, Ariz.

Sidelined by sickness, we stayed the night in Flagstaff at the Pine Crest Motel, which only slightly resembled where Norman Bates lived and worked. It was in the bathroom of Room 12 that I spent a collective two hours throwing up. I vomited enough to wear all of the enamel off my teeth, not to mention the toilet.

I was much better, though, once we reached the fated Canyon. And what can I say about it in print to do its majesty justice? Nothing, but I saw just as many rocks as I did Germans, Japanese and non-bathing Frenchmen.

The Grand Canyon is something that everyone should experience, if only to see what it would be like to live in a foreign country.

Ever the frugal one, I bought only one souvenir, a Grand Canyon keychain with a built-in thermometer. I don't need another keychain, but I like the feeling that from now on, at any given point on any given day, I can see how hot it is inside my pants.

After four fun-filled days and nights of looking at rocks and climbing on rocks, we left. On our way back, we saw a dead cow (legs up, mind you) alongside the road (yet hundreds of miles and three states away from the beef jerky signs), as well as a man at a 76 gas station, washing his *entire* car with a squeegee.

In the restroom of this particular 76, I heeded this posted notice of caution: "WARNING: Do not attempt to hang from towel or insert head into towel loop."

Rejoicing in my newly recovered health, I wished to have no part in committing towelicide. Besides, it was just a matter of hours before some strange Canyon disease you get from breathing rodent droppings took full effect and hit me, sending my fever up to 103°, making me feel like said rodent droppings.

I was told by my doctor that this illness was fatal, and has been known to wipe out entire Navajo populations. Luckily, however, I am not of the Navajo persuasion and, therefore, lived.

Overall, the week was one to remember, full of new experiences and unlocked mysteries. I camped. I hiked seven miles down the Canyon. I paid 75 cents to shower. *By God, I lived!*

On our way back to Oklahoma City, we stayed with my wife's sister and brother-in-law at the tiny motel they run in Mooreland (10 miles away from my wife's hometown of Woodward), frequented by farmers, truck drivers and other occupations foreign to me.

For example, I learned from her brother-in-law — a real, live farmer — that male goats, despite their diminuitive size, are rather well-endowed in the nether re-gions department.

"They hang to the ground," he said.

"Yeah," I replied, "I have some days like that."

The ceiling in the motel bathroom was cracked and dipping down toward the floor. Malena was afraid that while she was taking a shower, the moisture would cause the ceiling to burst wide open and big tarantulaas would fall on her.

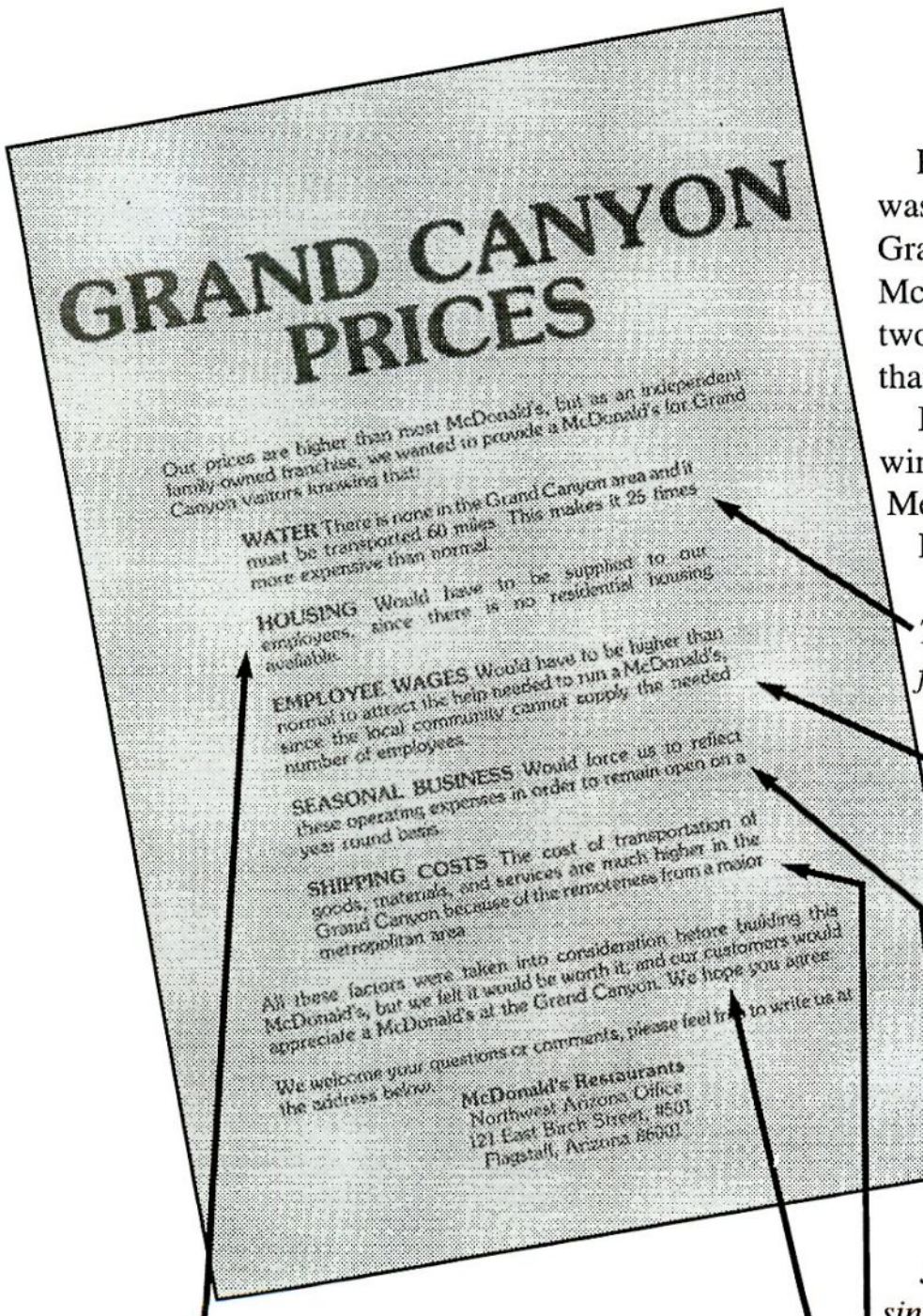
I told her she was silly. But darned if I didn't think the same thing while I was washing my hair and couldn't open my eyes, lest I desired a shampoo burn.

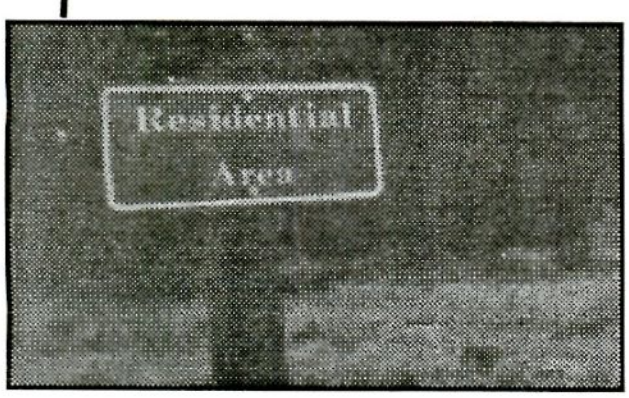
Thankfully, an arachnid attack never did occur — save for one bite I found in the crevice of my left leg upon awaking the next morning — but there was no air conditioning whatsoever and the TV went dead whenever you turned off the light.

But I'm not complaining. After a wallet-draining week, at least it was free.

And, in case you were wondering, my loins currently stand constant at a warm and breezy 70°. **H**

Lies...All Dirty McLies


GRAND CANYON PRICES
Our prices are higher than most McDonald's, but as an independent family owned franchise, we wanted to provide a McDonald's for Grand Canyon Visitors knowing that:
WATER There is none in the Grand Canyon area and it must be transported 60 miles. This makes it 25 times more expensive than normal.
HOUSING Would have to be supplied to our employees, since there is no residential housing available.
EMPLOYEE WAGES Would have to be higher than normal to attract the help needed to run a McDonald's, since the local community cannot supply the needed number of employees.
SEASONAL BUSINESS Would force us to reflect these operating expenses in order to remain open on a year round basis.
SHIPPING COSTS The cost of transportation of goods, materials, and services are much higher in the Grand Canyon because of the remoteness from a major metropolitan area.
All these factors were taken into consideration before building this McDonald's, but we felt it would be worth it, and our customers would appreciate a McDonald's at the Grand Canyon. We hope you agree.
We welcome your questions or comments, please feel free to write us at the address below.
McDonald's Restaurants
Northwest Arizona Office
121 East Birch Street, #501
Flagstaff, Arizona 86001



Perhaps one of the nuttiest features of the whole trip was our discovery that the lone McDonald's in the Grand Canyon area has its prices higher than any McDonald's we've seen. I mean, all we bought were two Cokes, and had to fork over some 30 percent more than what we're used to.

I asked about this when we reached the drive-thru window, and was handed the explanatory sheet at left. Me being who I am, however, I don't buy it.

For many reasons.

Then how do you explain the wells and working faucets actually in the Canyon, several miles down even?

Oh, yeah, right. Like any McDonald's employee has ever worked there because of the promise of a lucrative financial portfolio. A majority of McDonald's employees work there because they are unskilled and, therefore, unfit to serve society in any other way, shape or form. As if offering someone $4.42 an hour instead of $4.35 is going to be the deciding factor as to whether or not they will take a job that requires them to drive 20 or 30 miles to work every day.

Judging from the filled-to-capacity parking lot every single time we passed by, they made enough damn money in the few days we were there to fund the annual budget of Rhode Island.

As if no other McDonald's locations are far away from large cities, either.

I don't.

Still Damned, Still Dirty

More Than a Quarter of a Century of Planet of the Apes

By Chris Henry

The *Planet of the Apes* — that futuristic vision of a world ruled by a race of intelligent, talking simians — has been around now for more than a quarter of a century since its original appearance on the big screen in 1968. In the interim, it has spawned four sequels, two TV shows and legions of countless fans both young and old.

Like any cultural phenomenon, we must pause and wonder about the source of its lasting appeal. What qualities or ideas represented here have endeared the *Planet of the Apes* (or *POTA* for short) to generations of fans? Is it its allegorical indictment of the evils of racism, abuse and slavery? Is it because it touches on such subjects as class struggle, animal rights and the conflict between established religion and emerging science over the theory of evolution?

Or is it simply because talking apes are just really, *really* cool?

While I have come to appreciate it in recent years for many of the former qualities, I must admit that the latter had more to do with my childhood fascination with it all. By the age of 4, I was a confirmed *Apes* fanatic, as my parents would attest. I watched the TV series when it first aired in 1974 as if my life depended on it. I would sit spellbound, amazed at the speech-blessed primates who wore uniforms, rode horses and ruled over the primitive humans. I was consumed with a desire to *be* one of the lucky astronauts who got to run for his life every week from the gorillas with guns, or the kindly chimpanzee who aided them in their narrow escapes.

My fascination persisted well after the show was cancelled, and when I was about 6, I finally got to see the original film. Of course, as the show had done, it left a deep and lasting impression on me. So deep and lasting that I walked around for weeks repeating everything Charlton Heston had said, which was fine until I got to the part about the *"Damn dirty apes!"* My wonderfully loving but strictly Southern Baptist parents didn't go too much for that kind of talk. My rear end paid dearly for it, and thereafter I learned to be more selective with the things I repeated.

Another memory here: Back in those days of my youth, I was given for Christmas one year a *Planet of the Apes* playset with tiny action figures, some horses and, for some strange reason, a Jeep. One day while outside playing, I threw one of my tiny ape-men into the air. He landed in a wooded area that bordered on my family's yard, but my efforts to locate his exact destination were in vain.

My entire family searched and searched while I cried and screamed for my little lost ape-man. But we never found him. Then, a couple of years ago, I was visiting my family on a Sunday afternoon. My sister was outside walking the dog when we heard her screaming, "Chris! Chris! Come here! Now!" I came running as fast as I could, expect-

ing to find her with a broken leg or the like, but as I drew near, I noticed she was excitedly holding something in her hand.

It was my little lost ape-man! I felt such an incredible sense of closure! It was really strange that after all those years, we had finally been reunited. He was a little worse for the wear, but in surprisingly good shape for something that had been half-buried in the ground for almost 20 years.

Like my little friend, I recently rediscovered the entire *Apes* canon (or did it rediscover me?) after a lapse of many years. Though excited about seeing all my old ape friends again, I was able to see things through the eyes of an older and hopefully wiser person. What follows are my grown-up thoughts on the *Planet of the Apes* — though, from time to time, I may give voice to the kid in me who refuses to be silenced.

THE MOVIES

For those of us who've never read the novel *Monkey Planet* by Pierre Boulle — and just you *try* to find a copy nowadays — the saga begins with the original film, *Planet of the Apes*. As it starts, a crew of astronauts has been sent on an experimental voyage to see if the time barrier can indeed be broken. The crew (headed by Charlton Heston — Moses himself — as Taylor) crash-lands on a planet not unlike our own, where they discover that the humanoid life forms are primitive mutes that are ruled over by a race of talking, gun-toting apes.

Captured and slapped in a zoo for study, Taylor becomes quite a hot potato when it is learned that he — unlike the other humans — can speak. Though protected by two sympathetic chimpanzee scientists named Zira (Kim Hunter) and Cornelius (Roddy McDowall), he is considered a threat by Zaius, Minister of Science, and is ordered to be put to death. Taylor and his newfound mate Nova (played by the lovely Linda Harrison) are rescued by Zira and Cornelius and taken to the Forbidden Zone. As its name would imply, the Forbidden Zone is not exactly at the top of Zaius' list of places to visit, but for reasons that run deeper than you might think. Turns out the Forbidden Zone contains the remnants of a human civilization far more advanced than that of the apes.

After a final confrontation, Taylor and Nova ride off into the sunset — literally! — only to come to a shocking conclusion.

I won't spoil one of the screen's all-time great surprise endings for those of you who have never seen it, but it comes off like one of the best twists from *The Twilight Zone*.

And, in actuality, the screenplay was co-written by Rod Serling, so that's not too far from the truth. As the startling revelation sinks in, Chuck dismounts his horse to deliver some of the most dramatic and memorable cursing the screen has ever witnessed. (I'd like to repeat it, but I learned my lesson about that kind of thing a long time ago.) Chock full of wonderful, thought-provoking irony, permeated with surprising humor and punctuated by Jerry Goldsmith's jarring musical score, this stands as the strongest *POTA* entry to date.

After a two-year lapse, executive producer Arthur P. Jacobs brought the Oscar-winning ape make-up back for a second go at it. In *Beneath the Planet of the Apes* (1970), astronaut James Franciscus is sent to find Taylor. He, too, gets lost in space, breaks the time barrier and, despite the astronomical odds involved here, actually finds him.

Although this scenario just plain doesn't fly, who cares? *The talking apes are back!*

This time, the plot concerns a group of telepathic mutant humans who live underground and worship a nuclear bomb. Read that last line again if you need to. Eventually, Franciscus finds Taylor (Heston again, who — probably due to being criminally underused — doesn't do as much cursing in this one) but it proves too late, as the apes and radiation-scarred mutants are at war. The bomb is detonated, blowing everybody and everything sky high.

A caged Chuck listens in on some ape-speak.

The end, right? Well, not if you go back in time just as the bomb goes off — which is exactly what Zira and Cornelius do so they can appear in the next sequel, 1971's *Escape from the Planet of the Apes*. Landing in Earth's past (circa 1970), the chimps initially are treated very well and attain somewhat of a celebrity status. Thus, we get a long, montage-type sequence where the apes are taken to department stores to pick out some really embarrassing clothes. Add this to the scene where Zira actually gets drunk on some "grape juice plus," and you've got a couple of the wackiest *Apes* moments of them all.

Eventually, however, they are targeted for termination by a government official who fears that one day, talking apes will take over the world. What a crazy idea, right? But before he can take action, Zira gives birth to a son, Caesar, ensuring the possibility of future sequels. The final shot of a real baby chimp saying "Mama" over and over

courtesy of a jerkily executed video loop is another classic moment.

In the fourth installment, *Conquest of the Planet of the Apes* (1972), the now grown Caesar (played by Roddy McDowall) is protected by Mr. Rourke of *Fantasy Island* — Ricardo Montalban — from the ape-hating government. Apes now are used as slaves, and their human masters treat them progressively worse, until Caesar — the only talking ape at this point — leads a rebellion against the human oppressors.

In what would probably be one of Karl Marx's favorite films, the proletariat apes set out to overthrow the bourgeois humans and set themselves up in power. The make-up here is visibly inferior to that of the previous outings, probably due to the sheer number of apes needed to make the rebellion look convincing. This is the grittiest and most violent of all the *Apes* movies, yet like all the others in the series, it somehow managed to garner a G rating. (Remember Chuck's dialogue from the first one?)

By the time the fifth film — *Battle for the Planet of the Apes* — rolled around in 1973, the humans had destroyed their cities through nuclear wars, and apes and humans, all led by Caesar, are leading uncivilized lives in the wilderness. This one features a couple of the most amazing casting choices of all-time with Claude "Sheriff Lobo" Akins as a war-hungry, human-abhoring gorilla named Aldo and Paul Williams as the so-smart-you-just-wanna-punch-him-in-the-mouth orangutan Virgil. The plot concerns a group of mutants who live underground and — Whoa! Just got the most incredible feeling of *deja vu* for a moment there! — declare war upon the apes.

I hate to spoil it, but the apes win. Caesar then sets the remaining humans free to live among the apes as equals. The film ends with John Huston as the scroll-totin' Lawgiver reading to a group of human and ape children about what a swell guy Caesar was and how the humans and apes will live in peace forever. Obviously, he didn't see the first two films.

THE TV SERIES

At this point, the lucrative ape mythos moved to television where, between September and December 1974, CBS aired a mere 14 episodes of the new series, aptly entitled *Planet of the Apes*. Once again, astronauts have traveled through time — stop me if you've heard this one — to land on a futuristic world ruled by apes. Third time's the charm, right?

Not exactly.

This time, the astronauts are played by Ron Harper and James Naughton, whose brother David would one day be famous for battling not apes, but a werewolf. Harper is Allen Verdin, the quick-thinking leader, and Naughton the hot-headed Pete Burke, who has a penchant for poorly timed attempts at humor.

They are befriended by the chimp Galen, played by Roddy McDowall in his third ape role, and hunted by a militaristic, power-hungry gorilla named Urko. The only returning character from the films is Dr. Zaius, who somehow manages to travel back in time a thousand years to be part of the action.

And don't anyone give me that business about the timeline being somehow altered — it's a continuity problem, plain and simple.

Though the important themes of *POTA* still shine through in the TV series, it suffers from regrettably weak writing and predictable storylines. All too often, the stories lapse into a simple, three-step formula:

1) Our heroes join up with a group of downtrodden but wholesome humans (or sometimes apes) who currently are experiencing some form of trouble;

2) They somehow manage to help everyone involved with all their personal problems; and

3) After performing their good deed for the day, narrowly escape Urko and his troops.

Repeat *ad nauseam*.

"The Trap," my personal favorite episode, is a surprisingly strong piece that manages to break this redundant cycle. In this installment, Burke and Urko fall into an old subway station during an earthquake and must work together if they are to find a way out.

The series definitely could have used a few more of that caliber. Other episodes are all interesting, but none begin to approach the heights of the original .

(Lest I appear too hard on the show, I must admit that when I finally saw it again after all these many years, the nostalgia factor kicked in and I got the most incredible electric chill down my spine *when the opening credits rolled.)*

ETC.

But alas, the show didn't have the

Ricardo promises his new little friend all the riches his fantasy circus has to offer.

time to build upon its stronger points, as it was cancelled after only half a season, with the storyline left unresolved. Ten of the 14 episodes were re-edited into five "feature films" with such imaginative titles as *Treachery and Greed on the Planet of the Apes*, *Forgotten City of the Planet of the Apes* and *Life, Liberty and Pursuit on the Planet of the Apes*.

Man meets monkey.

Shoddily thrown together, it is advisable to avoid these altogether and instead check out the episodes in their original format. A 13-episode cartoon series entitled *Return to the Planet of the Apes* also followed, which I have never seen.

Yet despite the lack of output over the last 15 years, the legend has continued to grow through local broadcasts of the movies and cable network marathons. Recently, there have been a couple of *Planet of the Apes* comic book titles, and due out soon is a new book on the entire *Apes* legend, which doubtless will render everything in this article redundant and/or wrong). And with talk of a new, Oliver Stone-produced version of the original film, an entire fresh generation may get its first dose of *Apes*-mania.

Just a few years ago, an attempt to bring a sixth *Apes* film to the screen proved futile. John Landis, director of *The Blues Brothers*, was eager to produce a sequel, with Adam Rifkin (*The Chase*) more than eager to sit in the director's chair. Despite both parties' willingness to continue the *Apes* saga, 20th Century Fox, weary that the moviegoing public had all but forgotten about *POTA*, said no.

However, now that Stone wants to a "reinvention" of the *POTA* legend, Hollywood gives him the green light. Stone has said little about the film except that it will be neither a remake nor a sequel. His take will be similar to the one *Greystoke* took on the Tarzan legend.

Although nothing has been cemented as of yet, Arnold Schwarzenegger has been mentioned as the possible star, with Philip Noyce (*Clear and Present Danger*) as the likely director.

Understandably, the new film brings new fears for Ape fans.

Will it attempt to emulate the first film while lacking that difficult-to-define magic?

Will the medium overshadow the message?

Will it simply reduce the legend to Arnold Schwarzenegger running around blowing up things and shooting apes while saying clever things like "Ever heard of natural selection? Well, here's a present from Darwin...*BLAM!!!*"?

While I, too, have these concerns, I'll probably go see it for the very same reason I loved *POTA* as a child — talking apes *are* really cool...and if we pay close enough attention, they just may have something important to say about us.

H

The Planet of the Apes TV Episode Guide

101	**Escape from Tomorrow**	**109**	**The Horse Race**
102	**The Gladiators**	**110**	**The Interrogation**
103	**The Trap**	**111**	**The Tyrant**
104	**The Good Seeds**	**112**	**The Cure**
105	**The Legacy**	**113**	**The Liberator**
106	**Tomorrow's Tide**	**114**	**Up Above the World So High**
107	**The Surgeon**		
108	**The Deception**		

Rejected Apes Subplots

• Dr. Zaius calls for an end to feces-throwing during council meetings.

• The astronauts attempt to teach the apes how to eat a banana without regurgitating it back up.

• A voyage to the Forbidden Zone is temporarily interrupted upon the discovery of an old tire hanging by a rope from a tree.

• Dr. Zaius must swallow his pride and ask the humans for help in dealing with a devastating lice epidemic.

• The apes are up in arms when it is learned that their gorilla military leader is actually just an oversized gibbon in disguise.

• Violence erupts over who will play the lead in the community theater's adaptation of "Welcome to the Monkey House."

• Zira must endure governmental scorn and public apathy in her quest to prove that her human specimens are capable of sign language.

• Cornelius creates a scientific uproar when he postulates that the gorillas actually evolved from professional wrestlers.

• The apes' future is threatened when their land is visited by descendants of Marlon Perkins.

—Chris Henry and Rod Lott

The BEAT-0-MATIC

By Spanky Mandrake

"All the tax cheaters and all the wife beaters
Sitting in the White House pulling their peters"
—Beastie Boys

Yes, it's been about six months since Joycelyn Elders, former U.S. surgeon general, was forced to quit her job, and there's still no replacement for her. Yeah, things are a lot better.

Okay, so she's a woman, and she was fired for just mentioning the M-word: *masturbation*, something that every male has done in his life, sometimes every day, sometimes several times a day. Can we say "double standard," kids?

All she said was that it could be talked about as part of a discussion of sex education, but hey, I was hoping for a whole class dedicated to it. I could've used some help in junior high myself here, baby.

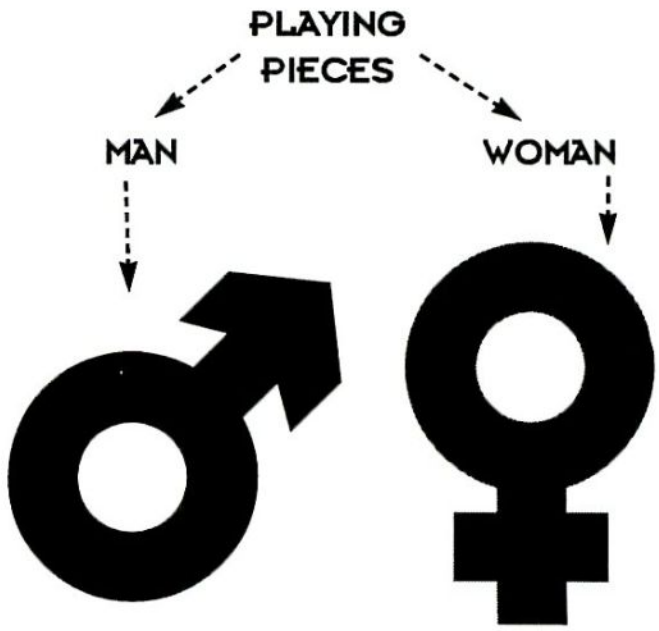
So for all you chilluns who haven't had much to do these past months while we wait for current nominee Henry Foster to withdraw — no pun intended — here's a little game I'm sure all of you will enjoy for months to come.

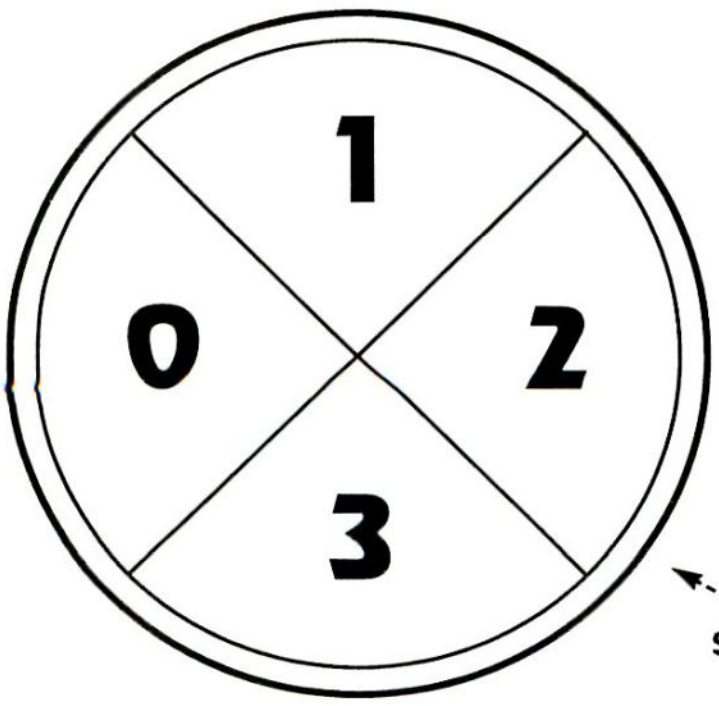
The object: achieve pleasure using the Elders method. Not only is it fun, but winning is guaranteed not to create a welfare dependent, either! I suggest it be made available on every toy shelf in America, right alongside the likes of Parcheesi.

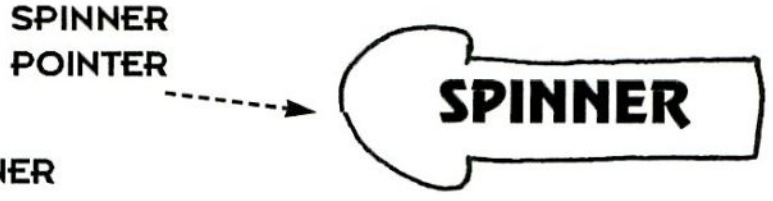
Fun for the whole family, just one player or even the one-armed man, it's "The Beat-O-Matic."

HOW TO PLAY

Cut out the man and woman symbols and the spinner pointer. Affix the pointer to the spinner wheel with a tack. Take turn spinning, moving the number of spaces as determined by the pointer. Good luck!







SPINNER WHEEL

The BEAT-O-MATIC

FIN!
GOOD JOB!

YEAH, JUST LIKE THAT
GO AHEAD 1

THINK OF SWIM-SUIT SEASON
GO BACK 1

DISTRACTED BY SIMPSON TRIAL
LOSE A TURN

THINK OF KEANU REEVES
GO AHEAD 1

MOM CALLS & LEAVES MESSAGE
GO BACK 1

TAKE HOT BUBBLE BATH
GO AHEAD 1

FEMALES START HERE

BASEBALL STRIKE OVER
LOSE A TURN

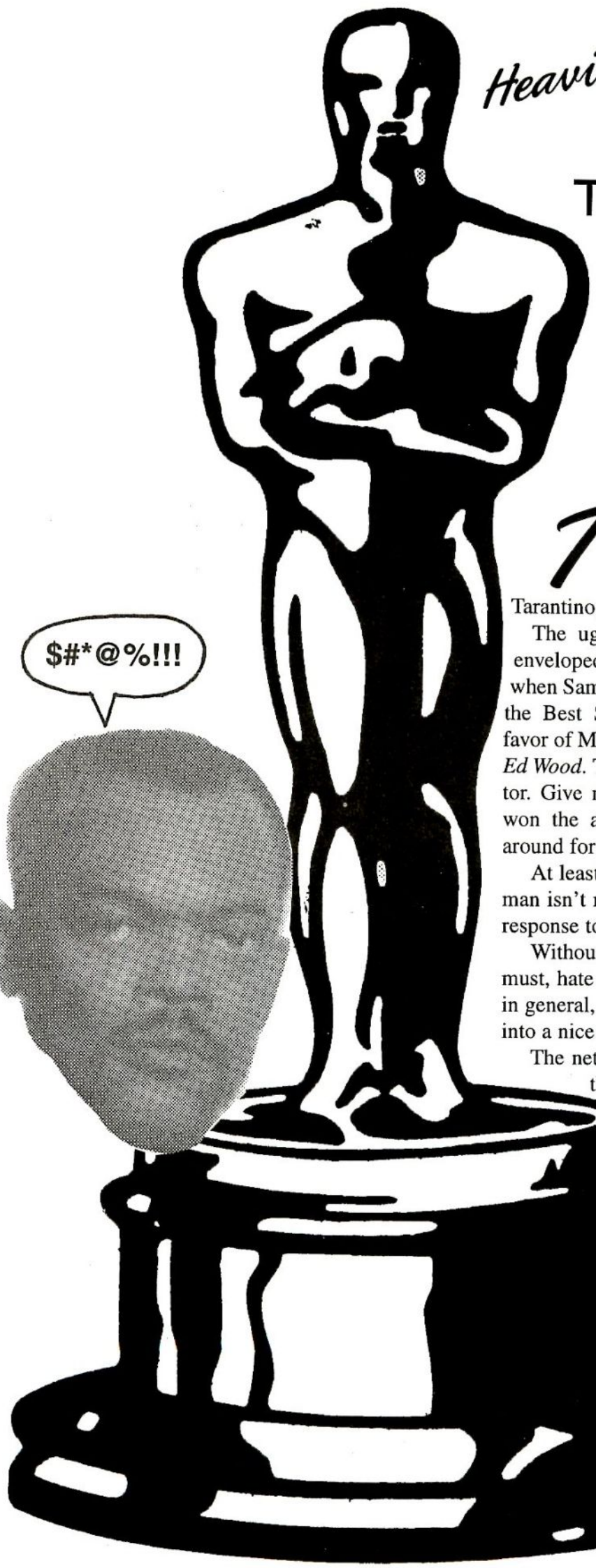
THINK OF PAM ANDERSON
GO AHEAD 5

MALES START HERE

Heaving Bosoms! Fecal Speak! A Chump!

The 1995 Academy Awards: OSCAR SUCKS

By Taylor Holland



This year's Academy Awards show really stink, stank, stunk. For once, they managed to nominate a film (*Pulp Fiction*) and some directors (Krzysztof Kieslowski, Woody Allen, Quentin Tarantino) who actually deserved to win, and *surprise!* None of them did.

The ugly stench of Hollywood that would last deep into the evening enveloped my living room in earnest when Samuel L. Jackson was shunned in the Best Supporting Actor category in favor of Martin Landau as Bela Lugosi in *Ed Wood*. Three words: Jack Palance factor. Give me a break. Hey, Martin, you won the award by default for sticking around for 50 years!

At least they cut him off. The instant replay from the "act like the cameraman isn't right in your lap, nominee"-tension-cam showed Jackson's lip-read response to be a hearty "shit." Stinky, indeed.

Without delving too deeply into the obvious reasons why one should, and must, hate the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences and Hollywood in general, a detailed analysis of the Best Art Direction category will roll it all into a nice little ball of feces for us all.

The network showed pre-production sketches (stills, flats, whatever) from the five nominees, followed by how the scene actually appeared on film. The nominees — which included *The Madness of King George*, *Interview with the Vampire* and *Bullets over Broadway* — featured immaculate, full-color pencil drawings by people who can appropriately and accurately be called "Art Directors".

Then came *Forrest Gump*. Being true to the adage "stupid is as stupid does," and rewriting all the child and wildlife labor laws in America, Robert Zemeckis seemingly hired either an ape or a child as his art director. The "sketch" for *Gump* (or *Chump* or *Chimp* as the case may be) was a geometric nightmare of computer-generated squares and some triangles meant to represent Forrest Gump's plantation house, and appeared as though it had been transposed off an IBM PC Junior RGB monitor. They tried to pass this off as art direction. In front of three billion people! This is the film that won the big prize!

I can understand that the American people are stupid enough

to let the half-wit Zemeckis take hundreds of millions of their hard-earned dollars for two hours of watching a heart-wrenching retard, but for the Academy to nominate this dying fish for Best Art Direction is too much for me to stomach.

As usual, the show was somehow worth suffering through just to see the presenters. Paul Newman's appearance presenting the award for Best Cinematography was a Class-A joke. As the clips rolled, Newman's sauced brain and bloodshot eyes couldn't process the information off the TelePrompTer, so he smugly gazed into the audience as sweet, warm whisky whistled through his veins. The winning cinematographer, upon taking the podium, quickly named the other nominees off the top of his head in disgust. Mr. Salad Dressing can memorize hundreds of pages of quick-witted dialogue, but the names of five people he doesn't care about? Forget it. Three words: Paul Newman=actor.

Keanu Reeves' performance was equally as thrilling when his Neanderthal-like demeanor dominated his introduction of the *Pulp Fiction* clips which, incidentally, were noticeably lame and toned down for ingestion by the innocent public. The classiest presenter came in the form of Tim Robbins, as he paid homage to the revival of 1970s fashion with a very sharp disco tuxedo. Shake it, *Shawshank* daddy!

Of the female presenters, CBS spared no expense in getting an overhead shot of Sigourney Weaver's glowing package, and Susan Sarandon's heaving bosom shone like a Jell-O mold under the hot lights of Hollywood. Go, girls! Thank God Barbara wasn't there. Kissy, kiss! (If you understand that reference, you are sick and obsessed.)

As the tension never mounted and the predictable end came to its fruition, the least deserving film won — big surprise. And the only saving grace of the whole stinking batch of ill-smelling waste was Winona Ryder ornament/Soul Asylum poster-boy Dave Pirner sitting behind Tom Hanks' wife, laughing his ass off as the man who *is* Forrest cried his eyes out on stage: "Boo-hoo, I'm a millionaire. Boo-hoo. I'm a retard."

He won the award for acting like an idiot, people. At that moment, I was so ensconced, I wanted to be standing on the front row with a bullhorn, wearing a dress, screaming "*Bosom Buddies* forever!" and really giving him something to cry about.

David Letterman was the only reason anyone I know stuck around to watch anything after the magnificent and excellently choreographed numbers paying homage to Disney's *The Lion King*. His comic genius guided another sad, pathetic Academy Awards show into the dark abyss, making Whoopi and Billy seem like a distant memory. **H**

The Real CRISPIN GLOVER

...Up Close and Scary

By Jamie Munn

Crispin on the outside, flaky on the inside.

Yes, Mr. Crispin Glover is back from hiding, pumping his madness into yet another vein of pop culture: poetry.

But Crispin's prose is not afflicted with your average film-celebrity-tries-their-luck Ethan-Hawke-type syndrome. You see, well, Crispin didn't exactly *write* this stuff. Instead, he has taken his nib to various work manuals and children's readers from the turn of the century. By inking out words, he has created humorous, demented passages from a time long forgotten.

Imagine the bland details of *Studies in the Art of Rat Catching*. With handwriting usually reserved for the covers of seventh-grade Edgar Allan Poe volumes, the title in Crispin's hands becomes simply "Rat Catching." Blotted out with spots resembling Rorschach cats, rats and roots, the resulting "poetry" offers such insights into the human experience as "Don't be bitten."

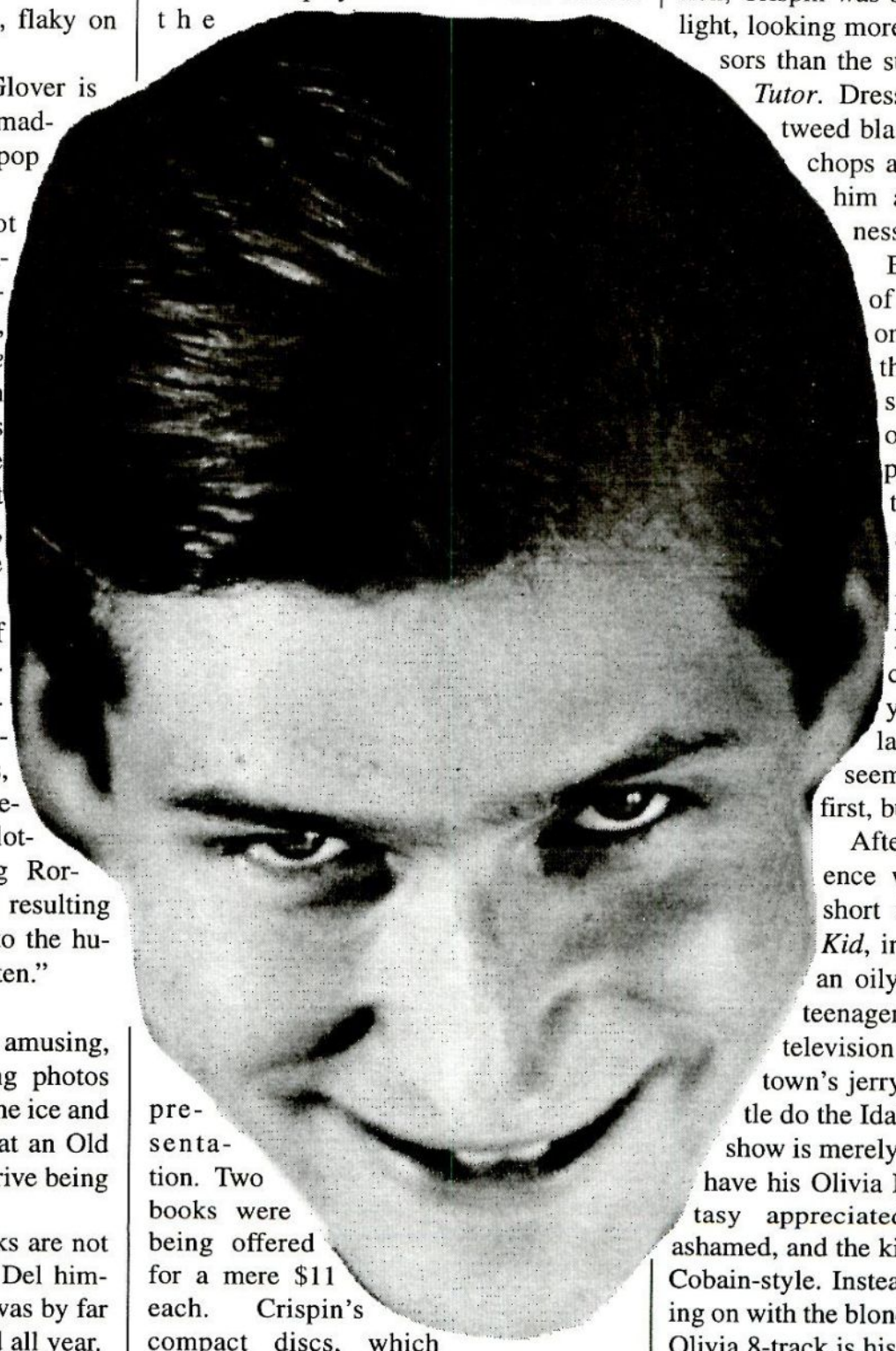
Alright.

Crispin's books also offer amusing, grotesque and thought-provoking photos from the time, inserted to break the ice and tension. Who wouldn't chuckle at an Old West photo of a real jackrabbit drive being rounded up into a corral?

Sadly, just reading these books are not as entertaining as seeing Jingle Del himself read them in person, which was by far one of the few pleasures I've had all year.

NOW OUR FEATURE PRESENTATION: CAPITALISM

Of course, I shelled out the $3 student ticket to see Crispin, and it was a well-spent no-big-deal. However, I had to chortle at the display of items for sale outside the



presentation. Two books were being offered for a mere $11 each. Crispin's compact discs, which probably were pulled from Camelot and Sam Goody discount bins around the world, were being pawned off to new fans.

As the show began, Crispin emerged seeming slightly clumsy and embarrassed. With a gee-I-hope-you-like-this introduction, Crispin was bathed in a yellow spotlight, looking more like one of my professors than the star of such films as *My Tutor*. Dressed in corduroy and a tweed blazer, only his Capt. Kirk chops and shiny long hair lent him a sense of true weirdness.

But as soon as the pages of his book were flashed on a huge screen, he read the passages with the strength and conviction of a well-rehearsed thespian. When a giant photo of a springtime chick appeared, he screeched, "*Chickeeeeeeeee!*" During a story about Milly and Dexter, two children in "The Backyard Swing," he calmly lamented, "A thing may seem as sweet as sugar at first, but at last, how it burns."

After the poetry, the audience was treated to a 1987 short film called *The Orkly Kid*, in which Crispin played an oily-faced, velour-wearing teenager who convinces a local television magazine to cover his town's jerry-built talent show. Little do the Idaho locals know that the show is merely a vehicle for the kid to have his Olivia Newton-John drag fantasy appreciated. The town grows ashamed, and the kid nearly pulls the plug Cobain-style. Instead, he realizes that living on with the blonde wig, lipstick and the Olivia 8-track is his best revenge.

MY BRUSH WITH STARDOM

Following the show, I waited in line with about 150 other kooks to meet Crispin. Waif boys emulated his Warhol

look, wearing platform shoes and smoking with cigarette holders (like Mrs. Howell on *Gilligan's Island*). In front of me stood Joe Average, who, despite his apparent normalcy, is *Misery* waiting to happen.

"No, I didn't buy my books here. These are already signed and numbered. I got them from the publisher," he said.

One at a time, we were allowed to enter the room where Crispin sat behind a table. I cursed myself for not bringing a camera as so many others had done.

After about an hour, I finally got in, and I discovered that Crispin is genuinely patient and kind to see me, Fan #120ish. He was friendly and happy. I decided not to mention the Letterman incident and the fact that I share the first name of the dead girl in *River's Edge*.

Trying to hide the prints from my sweaty palms on the table, I took my foot out of my mouth. In a feeble attempt, I said, "I would have bought *Round My House*, because I liked it the best, but it wasn't for sale."

With a blank expression, he looked up and asked softly, "Yeah, but did you get it?"

"Well, yeah," I said, a little insulted. I saw it as a metaphor for his life, but I was irked at the inference that I couldn't even interpret the nonsense. I told him to check out The Velvet Dog, a Kansas City nightclub which I knew he would never have time to visit, much less remember.

A FINE LINE

Leaving the show, I thought that there's not much difference — except maybe for good looks, a few motion pictures and an agent — between Glover and my college's local character.

Known to most KU students as "The Pink Blanket Guy," his shrunken frame wanders campus, haunts 24-hour buildings and sleeps on the ground near heating vents.

But I know him as T.S. David, an English graduate student who pens vitriolic letters to *The University Daily Kansan*, demanding the ouster of our chancellor. Or he comments on stories about poverty by writing that a child could be fed on $1 a day via old bread and hot dogs.

Both Crispin and T.S. write the same way: charged emotionally, yet a little off the mark. At least the former bathes and is willing to gently appreciate admirers of his work.

Hey, check these poetry books out. If you're broke or not into it, just read them in the bookstore in a secluded corner.

But for Crispin Glover fans, the star's poetry is a delight to be read at coffee houses. Heavy drinking probably will inspire anyone to try and copy it. If you can digest Henry Rollins, it will make a lovely, rich dessert. Or enjoy "Concrete Inspection" as a sensible meal.

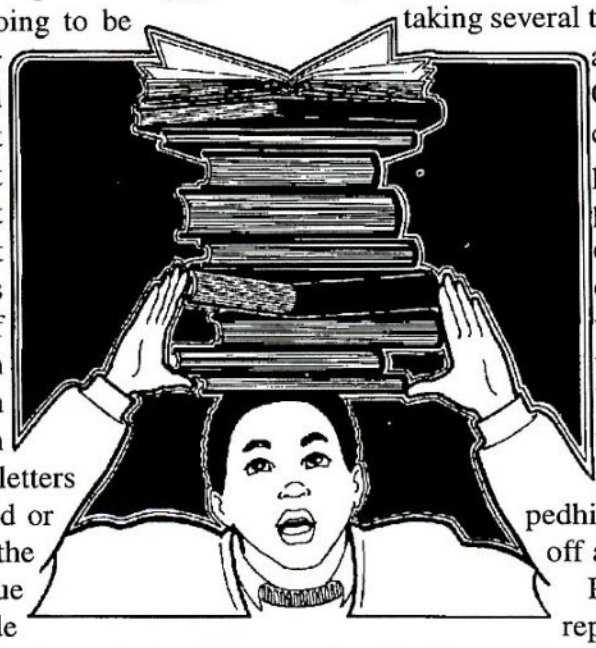
Enjoy the Crispness. **H**

Oh, Those Crazy Kids of Today's Society!

By Steve Hunt

R. Seth Friedman of *Factsheet 5* said he liked Rod's long articles, so I thought I'd give it a whirl. Perhaps if I even include long words in my long column like "psycholinguistic" or "existential," maybe someone really big will comment positively on my scrolling as well.

Well, sans a topic, this long column would not be worth the price of eggs, so my long column is going to be about crazy kids in our society, as witnessed during my student teaching stint. I do not know as much about other societies, so that is why I chose ours. As always, the letters of the people's names in this tale have been switched around. In some cases, a few letters have been either added or taken away to protect the people who would sue me if I did not use code names for the ones that their folks bequeathed them with when they were first added as members of our society.



One fine day, lil' Clem[1], a fine lil' boy, was feeling a little adventurous. His teacher, Mrs. Pollo[2], a nice lady, went out in the hall to check on the miscellaneous youngsters who had gone out to wet their pallets.

"Yassar[2], Cindy[2], Barcode[1]! You all need to come back in the room and fill out the rest of the data on your study sheets so that your lessons will be complete!" she said, before moving a bit closer to the lads who had obviously not heard her. Simultaneous to her moving, Clem got up on a chair. The ceiling fan above him a-twirled and a-twirled on this toasty day.

Clem announced to the class, "Look at me! Look at me!" and jumped high into the air, coming back down with all his legs, all his arms, all his torso and most, but not all, of his head. Various screams were heard by Mrs. Pollo, some coming from the class, but most from Clem, who was a documented troublemaker, and the time had finally come in which he pulled this wholly expected stunt.

Clem was rushed down to the office, in which the nurse was nowhere to be found. The school employees were in attendance, though, trying to stop a good percentage of the gushing blood, and one able did so by taking several towels and applying a death grip to Clem's head. Principal Weatherby[2] picked up the telephone device and dialed the number of the pizza place where Clem's ma was employed. Upon being alerted to the tragic situation, Mrs. Chappedhidea[2] said, "I gets off at 2:30."

Principal Weatherby repeated what he said, only this time with more authority. Mrs. Chappedhidea's response was, "I gets off at 2:30; maybe I can ask my manager if I can get off an hour early." At this point, it was a little after 12:30 and Clem, who looked as if he'd run across some unfriendly injuns, needed immediate medical attention. A while later, Weatherby called Chappedhidea again; this time, she was irritated and said, "Okay, I'm on my way."

Apparently, Chappedhidea worked at Pizza Town in Sault Saint Maria and could not catch a ferry to land or a plane to town or a cab to Mendozia Elementary, where her boy sat dying, because she never showed up. With her failure to retrieve her child, Clem's fragile fate was left in the hand of the school and its employees, especially Mr. Weatherby.

"Hand me the phone," he commanded. "I'm going to call for an ambulance."

"Ambu-*what?*" cried Secretary Shaw-

shank[2].

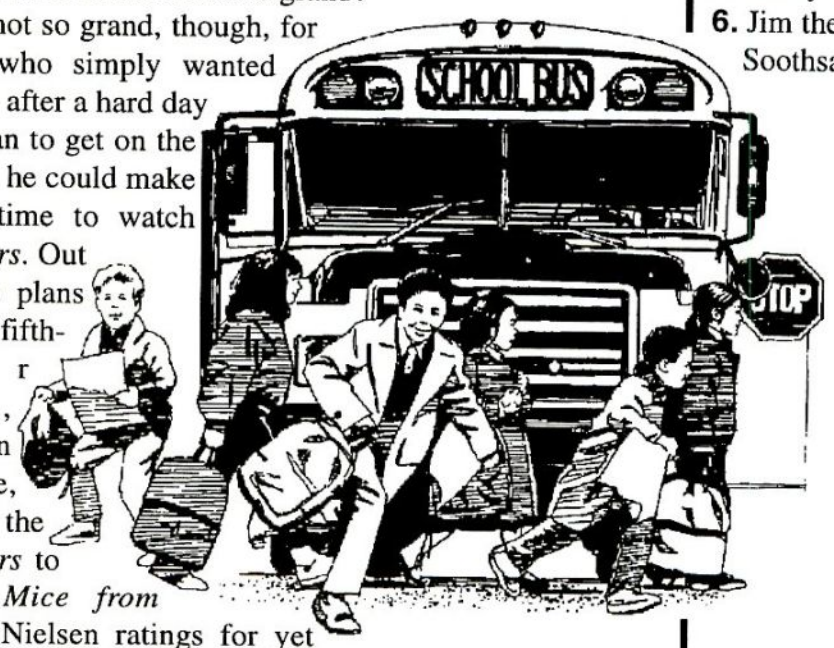
"Ambulance. Now give me the phone," he cried, and made good on his word. A general, brief "come save a kid" conversation was had on the device, and in about five minutes, the ambu-what was there.

The ambu-what guys loaded Clem and Clem's scalp into their vehicle and headed to the hospital. At approximately, Chappedhidea made the basic "Where's my baby?" call to the school, and was informed of his whereabouts. (As if she cared, other than for the reasons to be disclosed in the next paragraph.)

A few days had passed and Clem had healed. Sault Saint Marie, however, was less one pizza worker than before, not because Mama Chappedhidea defied authority for the well-being of her own flesh and blood and walked out mid-shift, but because — you guessed it — she had a little matter of her own to pursue: a lawsuit.

The "lawyer" — some random "you pay only if you collect" guy — picked up the "case" and off they went. Unfortunately, I did not get to listen in on these good folks' conversation of how they would get all the money out of the school system.

To make a long story shorter, the school countersued for Chappedhidea's negligence and, millenniums later, the case was dropped. No harm done. Ain't life grand?



Life was not so grand, though, for lil' Oscar[2], who simply wanted nothing more after a hard day of lessons than to get on the school bus so he could make it home in time to watch *Power Rangers*. Out to thwart his plans was the evil fifth-grader Sasquasha[1], who, we can only assume, did not want the *Power Rangers* to beat *Biker Mice from Mars* in the Nielsen ratings for yet another day, so she devised a plan that would help her achieve her dream.

There stood innocent, little Oscar, food pail and lunch bucket in hand, waiting patiently for the bus (which was in sight) to pull up and let him on. As the bus drew closer, Sasquasha, for no real reason, jumped behind Oscar and hurled him out in front of the oncoming bus. The alert driver slammed on his breaks, sending beverage onto the windshield as Oscar cried out in sheer terror.

Sasquasha laughed and laughed, and I asked her why she did what she did and what could have happened to the poor boy. Her reply, verbatim: "He'da done got run over and killed and I wouldn't care cuz all you could do is put me inna home wit my friends and I'd like that."

The unsympathetic gal received five days' suspension, which I am sure she thoroughly enjoyed.

In summary, kids today do the darndest things. **H**

[1] some letters changed and some simply taken away
[2] some letters changed and some simply added

Create-a-Column

Have you ever wanted to be a writer or, better yet, a columnist, and with a wacky pen name at that?

Then all you need is a standard six-sided die to come up with one of just 246 possible combinations to get you started in your race toward that coveted opinion-writing Pulitzer.

Remember, writing is 90 percent coming up with a good title and a good premise, so away you go, young one!

Simply roll your die three times, one roll for each column below. (No fair blowing on the die prior to rolling, and no need to, either.)

NAME	TOPIC	FORMAT
1. Puzzled Chad's	**1.** Views on Life	**1.** Top 10 list
2. Thoughtful Sam's	**2.** Inside Today's Society	**2.** Photo essay
3. Caring Bob's	**3.** Things That Irk Me	**3.** Easy-to-read chart/graph
4. Al's Thought-Provoking	**4.** Tellin' It Like It Is	**4.** Notables and quotables
5. Crazy Craig's	**5.** Ways to Get Out of Doin' Stuff	**5.** APA-format essay
6. Jim the Soothsayer's	**6.** Place-Setting Ideas	**6.** Top 8 list

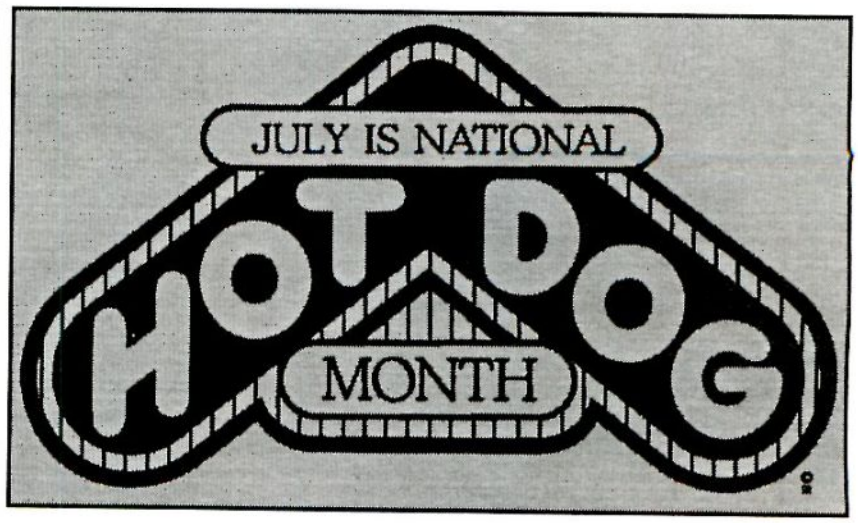
EXAMPLE

1 2 3

= ***Puzzled Chad's Ways to Get Out of Doin' Stuff: A Photo Essay***

Also: Select a fun photo from *USA Today*'s man-on-the-street opinion box to accompany your column in order to cement your pseudonym. The people in these pictures are not real, but mere computer-generated images, so worry not about lawsuits.

—Steve Hunt



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#1 • JUNE 1994 • The Leonard Issue: An interview with Leonard Cohen and a think piece on Leonard Maltin as world dominator. Plus, a he-man adventure to Darryl Starbird's Custom Car & Hot Rod Show, Kevin Costner's 34 Crimes Against Humanity, the hot disease of 1994, Bill Clinton's hair foibles, Vivarin and you, Shannon Tweed, *Speed Racer: The Movie*, the greek system's biggest secret, David Hasselhoff live and free *Monkey Trouble* trading cards. (40 pgs.)

#2 • AUGUST / SEPTEMBER 1994 • An appreciation of *Mystery Science Theater 3000*, with episode list intact. Plus, confessions of a U.S. census taker, a he-man adventure to San Antonio's Elvis museum, the secret life of Xuxa, rocket grenade injuries, hating Oliver Stone, Bob Clipson writes to the *Playboy* Advisor and very, very little about O.J. Simpson. Includes the now-notorious Forrest Gump crossword puzzle. (32 pgs.)

#3 • OCTOBER / NOVEMBER 1994 • The Spooky Halloween Issue, featuring an interview with Dr. Death (no, not *that* one), the filmography of Dr. Joyce Brothers, a probing psychological analysis of the Mentos ads, crappy summer movies, farm fatalities, a he-man adventure to a *Star Trek* convention and why we hate Bette Midler. (36 pgs.)

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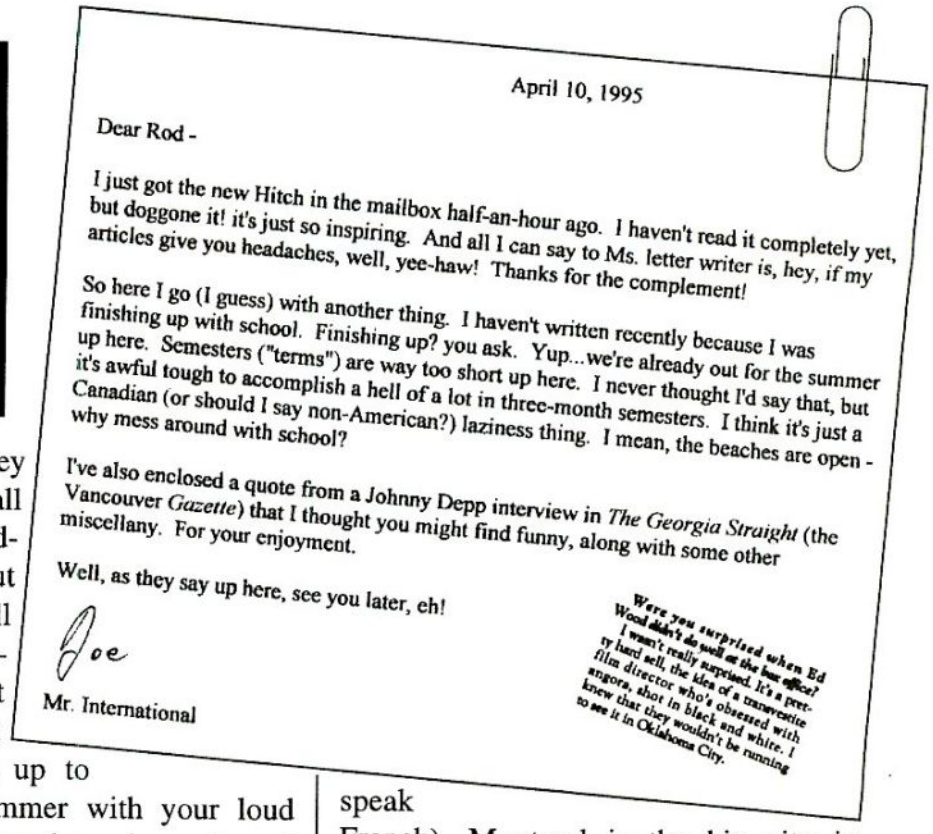
Wendell Willkie, lawyer, businessman and politician. Candidate for the U.S. presidency in the 1940 election. In One World, 1943, he pleaded for global cooperation.

Joe a Go-Go

By Joe Rogers
International Affairs Editor



April 10, 1995

Dear Rod -

I just got the new Hitch in the mailbox half-an-hour ago. I haven't read it completely yet, but doggone it! it's just so inspiring. And all I can say to Ms. letter writer is, hey, if my articles give you headaches, well, yee-haw! Thanks for the complement!

So here I go (I guess) with another thing. I haven't written recently because I was finishing up with school. Finishing up? you ask. Yup...we're already out for the summer up here. Semesters ("terms") are way too short up here. I never thought I'd say that, but it's awful tough to accomplish a hell of a lot in three-month semesters. I think it's just a Canadian (or should I say non-American?) laziness thing. I mean, the beaches are open - why mess around with school?

I've also enclosed a quote from a Johnny Depp interview in *The Georgia Straight* (the Vancouver *Gazette*) that I thought you might find funny, along with some other miscellany. For your enjoyment.

Well, as they say up here, see you later, eh!

Joe

Mr. International

Were you surprised when Ed Wood didn't do well at the box office? I wasn't really surprised. It's a pretty hard sell, the idea of a transvestite film director who's obsessed with angora, shot in black and white. I knew that they wouldn't be running to see it in Oklahoma City.

The Continuing Adventures of a Real-Life Ramblin' Man
Part Whatever

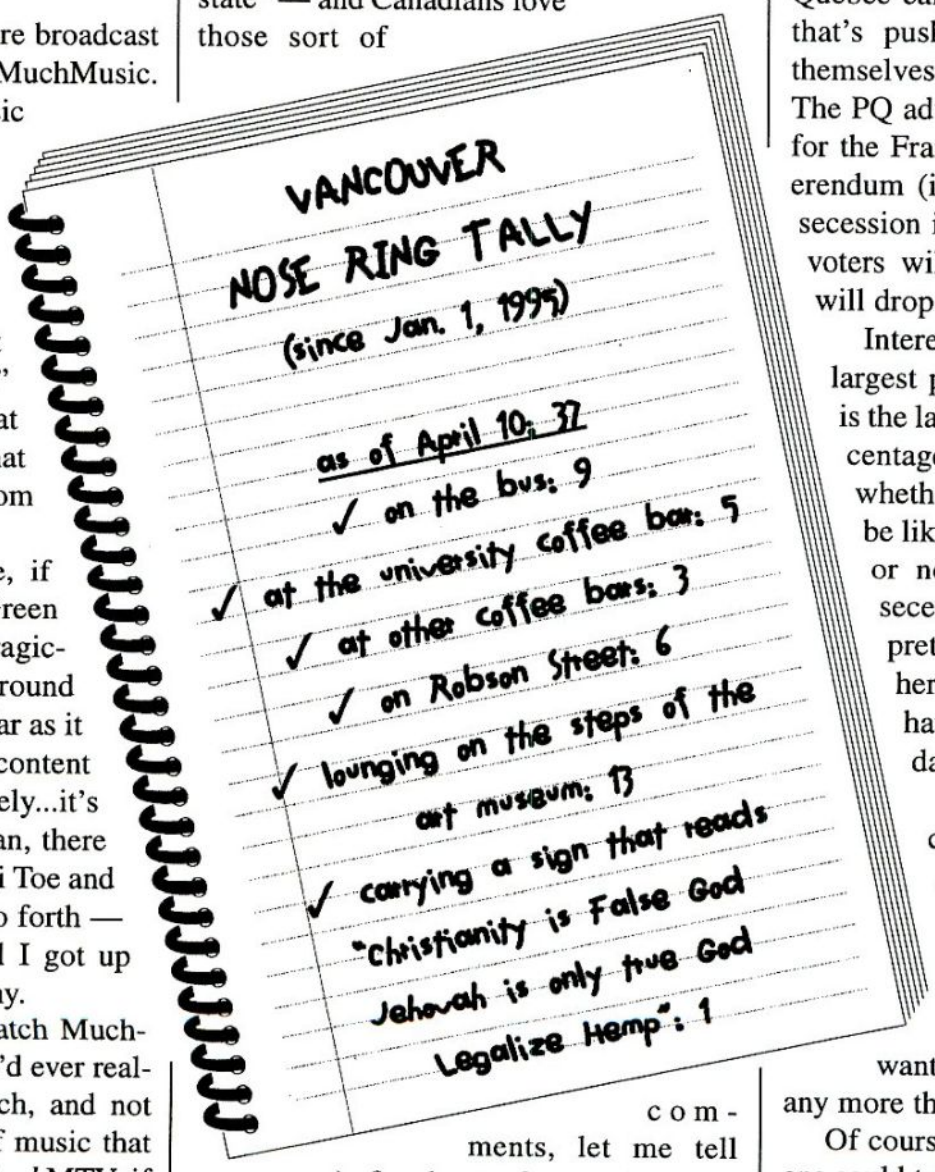
Well, hello, and welcome once again to my good ol' verbosity. So, Rod says, I'm still interested in this Canadian MTV thing you mentioned. What the heck is it? What's the scoop? And why don't you get back on the Canadian thing altogether and leave American politics out of it? And hey, he concludes, tell me, how's the book thing coming? Well, Mr. Lott, let me address those editoresque queries in chronological fashion:

1. There is a channel up here broadcast out of Toronto that's called MuchMusic. It's one of those rock music video channels, like MTV. However, there's a little catch with Canadian music broadcasting laws: A third of what gets airtime on television, as well as the radio, must be "of Canadian content." Roughly translated, what that means is that 33 percent of what MuchMusic plays is a video from a Canadian band.

And that's fine, I suppose, if you're enamored with the ol' Green Day/Crash Test Dummies/Tragically Hip thing that's going around nowadays, but that's about as far as it goes. The rest of the Canadian content music is...well, to put it nicely...it's just not all that jammin.' I mean, there are bands like Moist and Te Qui Toe and Peace Colony and so on and so forth — bands I'd never heard of until I got up here, and it's fairly obvious why.

Needless to say, I don't watch MuchMusic all that much. Not that I'd ever really watched MTV all that much, and not that MTV ever played a lot of music that was any good, but this is like *bad* MTV, if that's possible. And the radio? Not quite as wretched, but it's pushing it...

2. Okay, get back on the Canadian thing? Well, there is indeed an interesting tidbit (although they wouldn't exactly call it an "interesting tidbit" up here) about Quebec. Now, for all you typically ignorant Americans out there, all of you who'll be coming up to Vancouver this summer with your loud voices and your American demands and your insulting American points-of-view (i.e., "Canada's nothin' more than th' 51st state" — and Canadians love those sort of


VANCOUVER
NOSE RING TALLY
(since Jan. 1, 1995)
as of April 10: 37
✓ on the bus: 9
✓ at the university coffee bar: 5
✓ at other coffee bars: 3
✓ on Robson Street: 6
✓ lounging on the steps of the art museum: 13
✓ carrying a sign that reads "Christianity is False God Jehovah is only true God Legalize Hemp": 1

comments, let me tell you), for those of you who don't look any farther than the next block over, Quebec is a province (i.e., a "state") of Canada where the majority of people residing there are Francophones (i.e., they speak French). Montreal is the big city in Quebec. Are you with me so far?

Good. There is a political party in Quebec called the PQ (Parti Quebequois) that's pushing for Quebec to separate themselves from the country of Canada. The PQ advocates secession from Canada for the Francophones. There's even a referendum (i.e., a "vote") dealing with the secession issue this year, and the Quebec voters will decide whether or not they will drop out of the country.

Interesting? Quebec is the second-largest province in Canada — Ontario is the largest — and houses a large percentage of Canadians. The question of whether or not Quebec secedes could be likened (in proportion) to whether or not California or Texas would secede from the United States. It's pretty serious stuff going on up here, and most Americans don't have any clue or don't give a damn or both.

And we have the audacity to complain about the way we, as Americans, are treated as tourists in foreign countries! Oh, I could give you an earful of American jokes I've heard *while up here; that is, if* I wanted to offend and/or bore you any more than I already do.

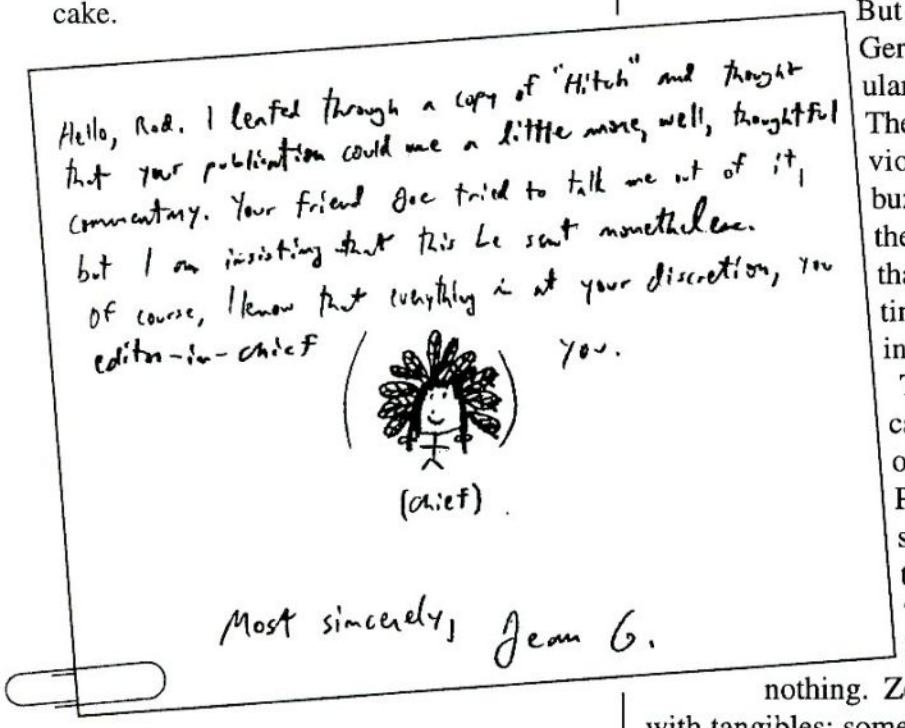
Of course, I don't guess many Canadians could tell me who Mr. Newt Gangrene is, either. But I'm not insulted by their disinterested ignorance. I'm envious of it.

3. And the book thing? The sending off my manuscript in futile hopes of finding a

publisher stupid enough to publish it? Well, the rejection slips have started to make their ways to my apartment. Of the two I've received as of yet, one was nothing more than a Xerox copy of a form letter ("Dear _____, thank you for your blah blah blah, unfortunately, blah blah blah, best wishes on finding an idiot to publish it, blah blah blah") and a fill-in-the-blank postcard rejection slip ("Dear _____, thank you for sending us _____. We regret...etc.").

I mean, real, high-quality, personal messages. And, oh yeah, I did get one response to my "query" letter, which asked for the first 20 pages of my book (along with an SASE). And that really *was* down-home friendly-like.

Oh, and one more thing about MuchMusic: They show reruns of *The Partridge Family* every day at 4:30. I mean, *The Partridge Family*! Complete with their cheesy, pseudo-psychedelic bus that looks like bad Ken Keseyism! MTV's *Speed Racer* repeats are bad enough, but that bell-bottomed Danny Partridge takes the cake.


Hello, Rod. I leafed through a copy of "Hitch" and thought that your publication could use a little more, well, thoughtful commentary. Your friend Joe tried to talk me out of it, but I am insisting that this be sent nonetheless. Of course, I know that everything is at your discretion, you editor-in-chief
you.
(chief)
Most sincerely, Jean G.

If We're Gonna Hook Up with All Those Neo-Hip Buzzwords, Let's At Least Learn What They Mean Before We Start Throwing Them Around

By Jean Gauthier

Buzzwords. It's a term used for defining all those trendy *bon mots* that most of us drop in conversations here and there without having any real perception of what it is that they truly mean. The English language is a potpourri of these pop-phrases which bastardize the original concepts they were originated to imply.

A simple example of one is the pseudo-intellectual usage of the word "angst." Judging from the way Anglophones use this little word (i.e., "That music is full of *angst*"), one would conclude that it could be defined as a strong feeling of tension, of apprehension and of emotional distress. However, when confronted by a basic knowledge of the Ger-man language from which the word originates, one realizes that angst means nothing more than fear, and not a particularly strong fear at that.

One could say that elevators give them angst, or that water gives them angst. But for one to say, in the usual fashion, that The Rolling Stones' music is "totally full of angst" is an obvious misuse of the word. But it's not really this German word I'm particularly concerned about. There are a few more obvious, more ultra-mod buzzwords that mangle their original definitions that I'm gradually getting annoyed with hearing.

The first of these is the casual dropping around of the word "Zen." Phrases *a la* "That is so Zen," "That mountain is so Zen" or "That thought is so Zen" mean absolutely nothing. Zen has nothing to do with tangibles; something cannot be Zen.

Zen is a process, a particular way of thinking that cannot be understood without digging through a few books. For a publication like *Sassy* to advertise clothing as emulating a "Zen look" is ridiculous.

A Zen look? And what might that be? (Oh, and by the way, there really *is* more to Zen Buddhism than leafing through *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*, that trendy, fashionable, pink book all the smart people have read.)

Another of these buzzwords, which is misused in much the same way as Zen, is "existentialism." Now, existentialism is a school of philosophy that is rather complicated and involved and would be virtually impossible to fully understand without doing some serious research. Having read Albert Camus' *L'Etranger* does *not* make one knowledgeable of existentialism. It's a good *introduction* to existentialism, but one would need to go farther — *much* farther — than that to understand it.

JOE'S HANDY CANADIAN PRONOUNCIATION GUIDE
(by no means complete)

the "ah" phenomenon (as in "cat")

pasta: /pah-stuh/
garage: /guh-rahge/
aria: /area/
bus: /coach/
Z: /Zed/

Don't drop the word "existentialism" (i.e. "What an existential movie!") unless you can explain what exactly you mean by that, and how it ties in to existential philosophy. I mean, yeah, it's a long, multisyllabic word that gives its utterer an air of intellectual hipness, but unless you can show me the reality of your intellectual hipness, don't think I'll be among those whom your tongue-twisting words impress.

Now that you all follow me, could someone please explain what is meant by this "Generation X" business? I mean, what do you mean when you talk about being lost in Generation X?

Define it for me. I don't want to bastardize this word.

I mean, I'm sure there's more to it than being pissed off with "the system," blaming everything on parents, smoking cigarettes, recycling and dancing to inane music.

I'm sure there's more to being a member of Generation X than simply wearing black clothes all the time, quoting Pink Floyd songs and never, ever, *ever* smiling.

I mean, hey, is there nothing positive about the "twentysomething" (another barfy buzzword) generation?

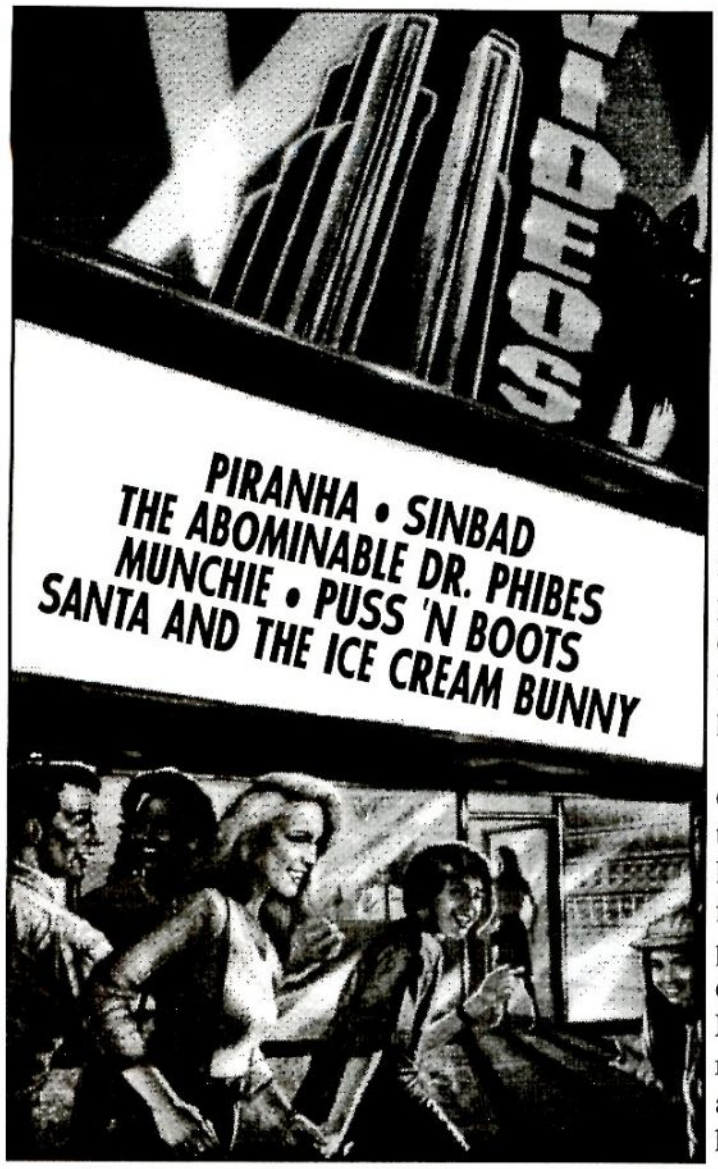
Is there really nothing more than existential angst for us?

Is there really nothing we can put our hopes into?

Nothing Zen out there anymore?

Help me out on this one, O Generation X readers.

H



Piranha
(1978)
Warner Home Video
★★★★★

The success of *Jaws* coupled with the capitalist notions of Roger Corman beget this killer-fish tale, an early film of Joe Dante.

Heroine Heather Menzies is a skip tracer out to find two vanished hikers, who, unbeknownst to her, were rather rudely eaten by piranhas during a midnight skinny-dip. Rough 'n' gruff Bradford Dillman is the local flannel-shirted alkie who helps her solve the mystery, and gets angered when she dents his canteen.

As they discover, scientist Kevin McCarthy has been commissioned by the feds to breed mutated aquatic lifeforms, including the aforementioned piranha, able to survive in both saltwater and freshwater. At Kev's lab, Heather accidentally lets the entire school of sharp-toothed scamps out of their bin into the river.

Oops. Time to die.

And die people do. A homeless man gets his legs chewed off. An unlucky fisherman becomes bait himself. Finally, the fishies make their way to the summer camp, whereupon they royally ruin an innertube competition, and one piranha flies out of the water onto camp counselor Paul Bartel's face, in the film's only visible piranha.

With a lot of bubbling-blood effects and fine support from Dante regulars Dick Miller and Belinda Balaski, *Piranha* is a great, fun-filled film where lots of people get chewed on and mayhem ensues in a crowded Texas resort. Menzies, who conks out a policeman using a chunk of toilet, is awesome. Whatever happened to her?

Also featuring Barbara Steele and Kennan Wynn, *Piranha* soon gave way to *Piranha II: The Spawning*, thereby marking the directorial debut of one Jim Cameron.

Action Heroes of Movies & T.V.
(1989)
Goodtimes Home Video
★★★☆☆

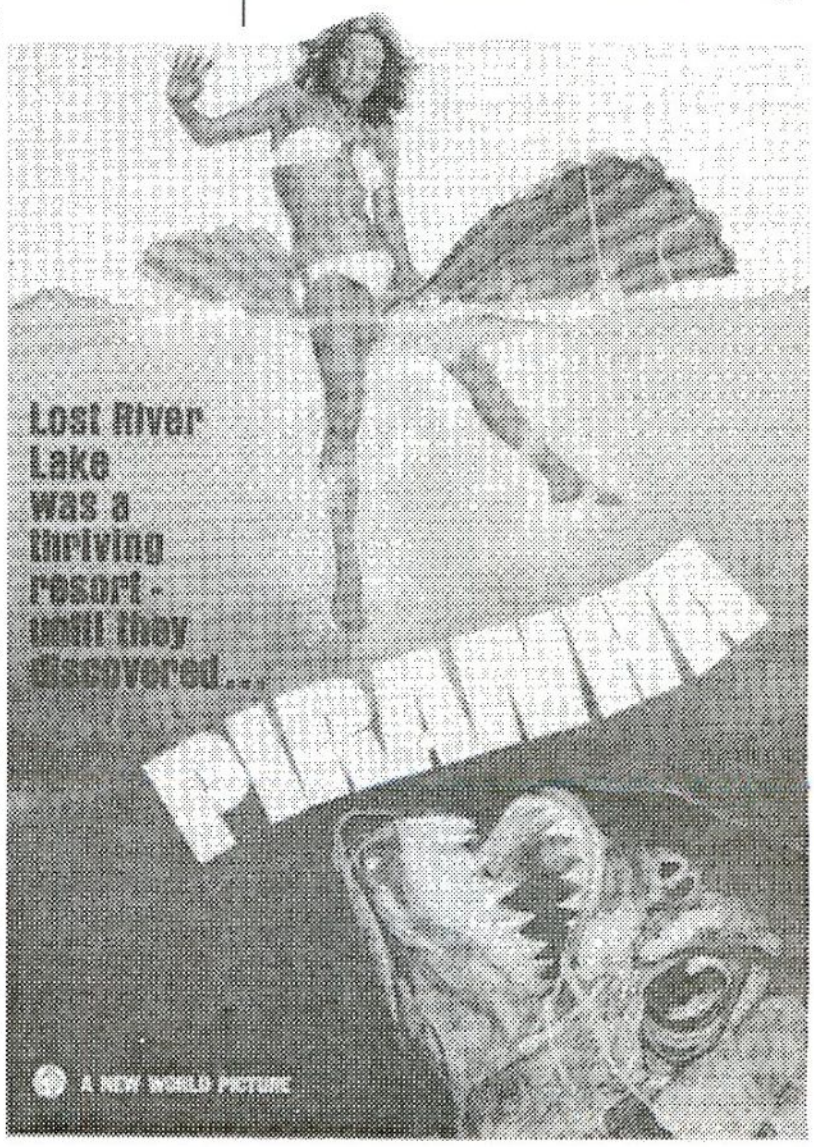
Produced and compiled by the ever-diligent Sandy Oliveri (see reviews of *Fantastic Dinosaurs of the Movies* and *Monster Mania* in **HITCH** 4 and 5, respectively), *Action Heroes* consists of an hour's worth of crimefighter clips, mostly from old Republic serials and the so-called "Golden Age" of television.

Complete with the greats (Superman, Batman, Captain America, Dick Tracy, Tarzan, The Green Hornet, Zorro), the tape of previews and excerpts also features the forgotten (Rocketman, Sheena, Captain Video, Captain Marvel) and the downright obscure (Captain Midnight, Nyoka, Spy Smasher, The Masked Marvel).

For some reason, the Lone Ranger is here, too, as is John Wayne as "The Wrecker" and Roy Rogers, who is represented by an ad for strawberry-flavored Quik ("Quick as a wink, strawberry-pink, ready to drink"). Also in the ad segment are Annie Oakley purchasing Hostess Sno-Balls and the Cisco Kid waxing poetic over French toast and custard.

Adam West and Burt Ward, as the dynamic duo, search for lost footage from ABC's fall season.

Enjoyable, although a little long on the questionable Western segments, *Action Heroes* also features "Arabian treachery,"



Videos reviewed in **HITCH** receive star ratings based not on artistic merit, but on levels of enjoyment, from ★☆☆☆☆ (as much fun as a funeral) to ★★★★★ (fun, fun, fun 'til daddy takes the TV away).

evil newspaper columnists and a gorilla named Satan.

The Vault of Horror
(1973)
Media Home Entertainment
★★★★★

Also known as *Tales from the Crypt II*, this horror anthology takes five men in a mysterious elevator down to a basement where they tell each other than most dire fears. The first guy tells about being trapped in an unknown village with vampires. The second guy's anal retentiveness gets him into some deep waters with the Mrs. The third man, a greedy magician, steals a rope trick with deadly consequences. Man #4 gets buried alive in an insurance scam, while the final host, an artist wronged by his employers, gets revenge *a la* voodoo.

Well-paced and full of humor (particularly in the fourth entry), *Vault* may be even better than *Crypt*. All five tales end with a punch and a payoff.

Sinbad of the Seven Seas
(1989)
Warner Home Video
★★★★★

Once it was evident that *Hercules* and *Hercules 2* (see **HITCH** 5 and 6) were not going to turn Lou Ferrigno into a worldwide action hero, they tried again by having him fill another storybook legend's shoes and *voila*, Sinbad the sailor.

Though *Herc*man Lewis Coates only writes here instead of directing as well, don't be angered, because you can't tell a difference. It's just as goofy. The plot is strikingly similar to *Hercules 2*, in that our hero must locate a number of objects scattered about the world in order to save the fair maiden from certain death.

Near the beginning, it looks as though Sinbad is foiled from the start as he is thrown into a pit of snakes. But faster than you can spell "Ferrigno," our boy Lou has gently coaxed the serpents into submission with his kind banter, and they allow him to tie them together into knots so that he may climb out of the pit using them as a rope. As if his 200-pound frame wouldn't eviscerate the snakes immediately upon his first tug.

Aiding Sinbad are a crew of cohorts, the most notable of which is a midget. Together, they ward off all sorts of creatures. Sure, you've seen it all before in the two *Hercules* epics, but there's no reason why you shouldn't see it here, too.

The entire film is "told" to a little girl by her mother in a ridiculous framing device. In typical Coates fashion, the girl's dubbed voice sounds 15 years too old for her.

Tales of Frankenstein
(1958)
Sinister Cinema
★★★☆☆

A long-lost pilot for a TV series that never came to be, the unearthed *Tales of Frankenstein* is a mix of the Universal legend and the contemporary Hammer twist. In this 30-minute show, ol' Dr. Frankenstein introduces a newlywed couple to his diabolical ways. Although there's nothing new or particularly striking about this plot, Frankenstein devotees will salivate over it, and for good reason.

Also included is the short *The Professor*, an amateur Wolfman knockoff. The 10-minute intermission before it, however, is not to be missed, filled with more fun and authentic drive-in ads and clips than you'd expect to find in such a slim timeframe.

Doctor Mordrid
(1992)
Paramount Home Video
★★★☆☆

Full Moon puts enough twists on the Marvel Comics' character Dr. Strange not to get sued in this obviously unoriginal fantasy effort that's better than most releases from Charlie Band's homegrown company. In the title role, Jeffrey Combs could've used some re-animating agent to show some signs of enthusiasm.

He plays a sorcerer from another time living in present-day America as a wholly inconspicuous apartment landlord, except that he sometimes wears a cape, has a raven named Edgar and casts spells on his renters. This easy-going life is interrupted by the resurrection of his immortal enemy, Cabal, who recruits a juvenile delinquent to help him ruin Mordrid so that he can control all of time, space and dimension. Cabal grants his young charge the power of being invulnerable to pain and harm, to which the lad replies, *"Fuckin' A!"*

Doc Mordrid plays Jesus when he restores sight to a fat guy with a red beard whose eyes have been burned out of their sockets. The best sequence occurs in a museum battle between two dinosaur bone exhibits. Like most Full Moon flicks, just when you're getting bored, its 80 minutes are about up.

Monster in the Closet
(1986)
Warner Home Video
★★★☆☆

Apparently a spoof of '50 monster movies that, in actuality, isn't all that spoofy, this Troma effort is one of their most competently made features. When it seems that a closet monster has been eating dogs, ponytailed girls and blind men, a nerdy newspaper reporter (Donald Grant) sets out to investigate. He is aided by a grade-school science genius and his mom (Denise DuBarry). Also helping are Henry Gibson, as an Einstein-esque professor who knows his way around a xylophone, and old Claude Akins as a spitoon-loving sheriff that harkens back to the glory days of Lobo.

The monster suit is a winner. Stella Stevens shows up briefly to prove that her middle-aged breasts are in fine form, as if anyone cared. At times making fun of *Close Encounters*, the best joke — coming at the end — echoes the famous line from *King Kong*. Overall, pretty mindless, but entertaining enough to keep your interest.

Encounter with the Unknown
(1973)
Video Communications Inc.
★★★★☆

Rod Serling somehow got conned into narrating this film, a trilogy of re-enactments of supposed true supernatural occurrences. In the first, three guys play a prank on a nerdy kid that leads to his death at the hands of an old woman with a shaky trigger finger. At the funeral, the boy's mom puts a curse on the youths. Soon, one of

them gets hit by a car, another dies in a plane crash, while the third goes skydiving...for the last time.

We jump back to the turn of the century for the middle tale, in which a boy, looking for his lost dog, comes across a hole in the woods that wails and spits steam. The townfolk send the boy's dad down to take a look. When he screams, they pull him out. He's alive, but he's lost his mind, demonstrated by his wild, screaming rampage through the trees.

The final story concerns the old dead-girl-on-the-bridge trick, complete with a horribly dated music-video montage. The final 15 minutes of the film recap the entire film, with no new footage. It all amounts to a really twisted *Rescue 911* episode directed in someone's backyard. Watch it with a bunch of friends.

Secrets of the Bermuda Triangle
(197?)
N/A
★★★☆☆

A lot of people get into airplanes and then disappear in this speculation documentary, hosted by a very old man with one out-of-control beard. Truly, this is nothing more than re-enactments of fine folks like you and me stepping behind the wheel of an aircraft and then going bye-bye...never to be heard from again.

In fact, nearly the final half-hour is taken up by one military pilot in particular whose compasses have gone haywire. It becomes deathly dull. The best part is when island natives keep opening this guy's crypt, only to find the coffins scattered about randomly, which spooks them.

Ren & Stimpy: Incredibly Stupid Stories
(1995)
Sony Wonder Home Video
★★★★★

This may be the best of the nine (so far) Ren & Stimpy compilations released in the past two years. In "An Abe Divided," the two become park rangers in D.C. and set out to find the treasure in the head of the Lincoln Monument, but it turns out to just be caramel corn. "Jiminy Lummox" begins with Ren doing all sorts of mean things — making prank calls, scaring newborn birds, torturing houseflies — until Stimpy introduces him to his conscience, a 400-lb. oaf whose intent is to harm those who harm others.

The last cartoon is "Rubber Nipple Salesman," and it concerns exactly what you might expect. The cartoons are linked by two hilarious commercial parodies, for "Flod" (the perfect cube of fat) and "Cheesefist." These short spots are so funny that the tape is worth getting for them alone.

Munchies
(1987)
MGM/UA Home Video
★★☆☆☆
Munchie
(1992)
New Horizons Home Video
★★★☆☆
Munchie Strikes Back
(1994)
New Horizons Home Video
★★★☆☆

George Lucas has his *Star Wars* saga; Spielberg his *Indiana Jones* adventures. Now Roger Corman has a trilogy to call his own.

The *Munchie* trilogy began as a deliberate ripoff of *Gremlins*, with Harvey Korman as an archaeologist who finds an alien creature and takes it home, whereupon it wrecks havoc in his home, the local miniature-golf course and a fast-food burger joint run by midgets. Korman's son teaches the main Munchie to masturbate, and the other Munchies get high when they hijack a Deadhead's car.

Utterly juvenile, *Munchies* probably gave Corman the idea to focus his beloved series directly at children. Thus, Munchie was toned down and given a leather jacket and the voice of Dom DeLuise for his brave return to the screen in *Munchie*. An utter nerd, the new kid in school finds Munchie in a cave. Munchie helps the kid out by harassing the school bullies and driving the slimy hands of Andrew Stevens away from the kid's divorced mom (Loni Anderson).

Munchie strikes back in *Munchie Strikes Back*, in which the butt-ugly alien (now voiced by a desperate Howard Hes-

Ride, Munchie, ride.

seman) is sent by the gods to befriend a little boy whose dad is dead and whose mom (Lesley Anne-Down) just got fired after refusing sexual advances from her boss. Considering her employer is Andrew Stevens (playing a different character the *exact* same way), her move is understandable.

Munchie and the boy become instant pals, even though Munchie — given the ineptness of his puppeteers and the limitations of a Corman budget — stays partially hidden behind beds and in trash cans. Together, they play a *Death Race 2000* video game, make a lawnmower go amok and cause counterfeit money to fall from the sky. When Stevens starts getting nosy, Munchie sticks firecrackers down his pants, but Andy retaliates using potatoes.

In this kids' film, Corman teaches his young audience some '90s-style values: money is everything, destruction of personal property is okay if it's your next door neighbor's and, finally, car wrecks are *really* way cool. Oh, yeah, and love prune-faced gnomes.

In the end, Munchie is sent down to help Bill Clinton, as the credits threaten another sequel, *Munchie Hangs Ten*. The series should be commended for having each film contain a scene in which Munchie is captured in a garbage bag.

The Abominable Dr. Phibes
(1971)
Orion Home Video
★★★★☆
Dr. Phibes Rises Again
(1972)
Orion Home Video
★★★★☆

When his wife (Caroline Munro) dies in an automobile accident, loving husband Dr. Anton Phibes (Vincent Price) seeks

revenge of the team of nine medical personnel who failed to save her. He kills them off in ways that mirror the Pharoah's curses in the Old Testament. (Hey, for Munro, *I'd* do it, too.) One doctor is eaten by bats, one gets his head crushed in a frog's mask, one is impaled, one is frozen to death and one guy gets chewed on by rats while he's flying a plane. The sole female victim gets devoured by locusts as she sleeps.

The most ingenious method is saved for the last, in which the chief surgeon (Joseph Cotten) must unlock his son from a table before acid falls on him, only the key is implanted near the boy's heart. Ironic, original and wickedly funny to the very end — the credits separate the cast into "Protagonists," "Victims" and "Interested Parties" — this is one fun and outlandish tale of multiple revenge.

In the sequel — every bit the original's equal — Phibes, in search of an elixir to bring his wife back to life, goes to Egypt, but so has a rival archeologist. Phibes evens the score by killing off members of his expedition. In the best scene, a guy is tied up and subjected to many scorpions crawling on his body. Other unfortunates encounter snakes, a bed-crushing and a spike in the telephone.

The Lemon Grove Kids
(1966)
Sinister Cinema
★★★★☆

Basically a collection of three shorts made by Ray Dennis Steckler (director of *Rat Pfink a Boo-Boo*) and friends literally in his backyard, *The Lemon Grove Kids* is *sort of a* Bowery Boys parody. In the first and funniest short, the Lemon Grove Kids meet up with several monsters, including a vampire woman (Carolyn Brandt) and a space grasshopper. In the second segment, the Kids do yardwork for a Hollywood starlet (Brandt) and save her from kidnappers. The final and longest home movie pits the Kids in an epic race against the neighborhood bullies. Gopher (Steckler) runs onto the set of *Rat Pfink*, to save Brandt from Kogar the Swinging Ape.

Slapsticky and jokey in every frame, this is actually pretty funny, especially when you consider its origins and nonexistent budget.

Santa and the Ice Cream Bunny
(1972)
United Home Video
★★★★☆

In a true test of kiddie film patience, Santa Claus and his sleigh are stuck in the sand of an unnamed beach, so he telepathically summons a horde of local kids to aid him. One by one, the tykes literally drag in farm animals — including a cow, a horse and a sheep — to try and pull the sleigh, but to no avail. The gorilla might have worked, if Santa would've only gotten off his fat ass and pitched in.

Giving up, Santa decides to tell the kids a story, and thus we are treated to Barry Mahon's *Thumbelina* film in its entirety, in which a pretty young thing is born inside a flower, sleeps in a walnut shell, is kidnapped by frogs, escapes from spiders, nurtures a near-dead bird, gets trapped in a loveless relationship with a mole named Mr. Digger and sings some horrible songs.

Hearing the uninvolving story somehow inspires the kids to call for the help of the mythical Ice Cream Bunny, who rides in on a fire engine, yet bears no frozen treats. The moral? Don't give up, as your dreams can come true...oh, and *anyone* can make a movie.

Puss 'N Boots
(1961)
Sinister Cinema
★★★★☆

There is no other way to capture the mood this film creates than to say that I felt like I was high...and I've never ingested mind-altering substances. An adaptation of the classic children's tale, this Mexican-made and K. Gordon Murray-produced flick is in a class of its own.

An innocent shepherd boy finds a new friend when a cat magically grows to human size and talks, not to mention the ongoing, utterly annoying meowing. In a plot much too muddled to make perfect sense of, Puss 'N Boots attempts to turn the boy from a peasant into a hero so that he may marry the prepubescent princess. Complicating matters is a bald, bloated genie and his son, whom Puss and his chicken friend foil by tricking them into turning into a mouse and a kernel of corn.

Though the sped-up shots of Puss bolting across the forest are a true sight to behold, the most surreal moment comes when Puss instructs the boy to take off all his clothes, and he does! Songs are included in an ill-advised effort at a feel-good musical, while the dubbing is the absolute worst I have ever witnessed.

Killdozer
(1974)
N/A
★★★☆☆

A rock from outer space falls onto a construction site of a deserted island, glows blue and transfuses its evil forces into a bulldozer. Now able to control itself, Killdozer begins to deplete the workmen's comp fund of the construction company. It first gives Robert Urich the ultimate bangeroo headache, not to mention a severe case of bacon-face, and he soon dies.

Then it preys upon everyone else, running over the token black guy as he tries to hide in some piping and blowing up the gruff, cigar-smoking mechanic. The alcoholic who steals the Jeep so he can go swimming is its easiest victim. The two remaining workers save the day by electrocuting Killdozer.

Though not as ripe as the premise and title lead you to believe, *Killdozer* is full of wonderful moments. I especially liked the witty and original interchange between the two men after they defeat Killdozer:

One guy: "I'm just glad to be alive."

The other guy: "So am I, friend...so am I."

Then that guy laughingly tosses his hardhat into the air, in an apparent yet awkward tribute to Mary Tyler Moore. *Killdozer* is a made-for-TV movie from the days when they knew how to make made-for-TV movies.

Big Foot: Man or Beast
(197?)
N/A
★★★☆☆

Billed as a "Rainbow Adventure Film Report," this 15-minute short introduces us to some country-bumpkin inbreds who claim to have come into direct contact with that eight-foot-tall hairy legend known as

Bigfoot. I was particularly amused by the old coot who recounts how he was kidnapped by a family of them, only to escape by getting them sick on a box of snuff.

"Rare" footage of the creature is painstakingly dissected by a man who works in the film industry as an ape impersonator. He concludes if it is a costumed hoax, it is the finest costume he's ever seen. At the end, the narrator asks, "What would implore these men to leave their homes for weeks at a time and camp in search of a creature they may never find?" Lack of a real vocation, that's what.

Transylvania Twist
(1989)
MGM/UA Home Video
★★★☆☆

A *Naked Gun*-style parody of horror films, some of *Transylvania Twist* is very funny, but some of it is very childish, too. But then, consider its source: ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Roger Corman.

We Got It Made's Teri Copley plays a sexy rock singer who is called to Transylvania for the reading of her father's will. Her pop has left her his castle, but his caped brother (Robert Vaughn) wants it for himself, because he's really searching for the Book of Ulrath, which supposedly has some serious powers within its pages.

Along the way, the gang spoofs all the modern horror classics: *Halloween*, *Friday the 13th*, *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, *A Nightmare on Elm Street*, *Hellraiser*, *Poltergeist*, *The Exorcist* and *Phantasm*. The final confrontation pits the good guys against the cucumber monster from Corman's infamous *It Conquered the World*.

Full of in-jokes and seductive vampire babes, the film includes a 3-D sequence and a neat cameo by Boris Karloff, even though he's been dead for quite some time.

Amityville 3-D
(1983)
Video Treasures
★★☆☆☆

Big-eared 'n gawky Tony Roberts is a tabloid reporter who buys the evil Amityville house because he's not scared. And he still isn't after the real estate agent is attacked by flies, his co-worker is burned alive in her car and his own daughter drowns. Even Tony's scary elevator ride doesn't seem to shake him.

The whole film has the same effect on the viewer. In the hands of Dino DeLaurentiis and *Red Sonja* director Richard Fleischer, the Amityville franchise nearly condemns itself from the get-go. I think it would have been fun to see it in actual 3-D, but it's funny to see a young Meg Ryan asking, "Did you know you can have sex with ghosts?"

The last third of the film is a total redo of *Poltergeist*, but without the benefit of a Spielbergian budget. It's only scary if you have an aversion to Tess Harper.

The Gorgon
(1964)
Goodtimes Home Video
★★☆☆☆

A Medusa-like creature is turning all the men in the village to stone in this film from the Hammer Studios. As the son of a man who died as stiff as a slab of granite, Peter Cushing comes to town to investigate the matter, yet ends up falling prey to the snake-haired bitch himself.

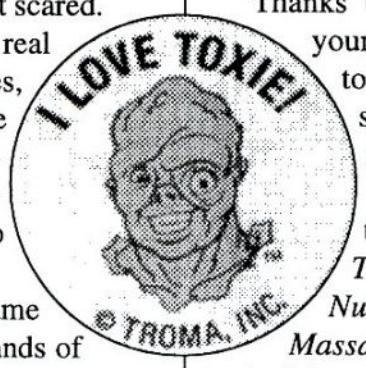
In-the-know professor Christopher Lee finally shows 'em all who's boss by whacking her head off.

Though with one foot firmly in the realm of mythological horror, *The Gorgon* tends to, for the most part, forget what it's all about and let the monster become more of a subplot.

Too bad, because the sight of the Gorgal with serpents sticking out of her 'do is really cool. It all becomes a little slow. And if you can't guess the true identity of the title scourge by the end of the first third, you don't need to be watching movies like this anymore.

The Troma System Trailer Tape
(1994)
Troma Video Universe
★★★☆☆

Sometimes, the best thing about Troma movies are the titles and their previews. Thanks to this tape, you can pacify your need for trash without having to sit through what have to be some really unwatchable movies.



All of Troma's, er, noteworthy titles are represented here: *The Toxic Avenger*, *Class of Nuke 'Em High*, *Zombie Island Massacre*, et al. We even get to see such sick-out, er, classics as *Bloodsucking Freaks*, and such skeletons-in-the-closet as a cowboy Kevin Costner bedding down with a top-heavy bimbo in *Sizzle Beach USA*. For those who are curious but weary about seeing the films *I Was a Teenage TV Terrorist*, *Fertilize the Blaspheming Bombshell* and *A Nymphoid Barbarian in Dinosaur Hell*, this should settle any and all doubts.

Clocking in at around an hour, I don't know if I am enticing you or doing you a favor by noting that the video comes with a *Troma Tunes* cassette tape, featuring such hits as "Troma Rap Song," "Fortress of Amerikkka" and "Sgt. Kabukiman, N.Y.-P.D. Theme Song." At any rate, it's only available through Troma's Tromabilia hotline, (800) 83-TROMA.

Don't Be Afraid of the Dark
(1973)
LIVE Home Video
★★☆☆☆

A really dumb title hides...well, a really dumb movie, one that was made-for-TV, in fact. Its premise is interesting: A young married couple moves into a new home, only to have some doubts once the cantankerous old carpenter starts warning them not to touch the fireplace he's bricked up in the basement.

He neglects, however, to tell them why (there's a whole mess of squatty gnomes living in there). As the homely wife, though, Kim ("It has raisins in it. You like raisins.") Darby has her suspicions, especially ones the boogers start breaking her ashtrays and yanking the napkin off her lap while she's trying to eat dinner. It's not until they trip the effeminate interior deco-

rator down the stairs that she starts thinking it's time to move.

Even though the aging handyman does get stabbed with his own screwdriver, this gives us little to be enthralled with. Bonus points are earned, however, by concluding with a most unhappy ending.

Baywatch – The Movie: Forbidden Paradise
(1995)
LIVE Home Video
★★☆☆☆

We haven't seen it, and don't plan to, either, but we're sure it's worthy of two stars at least because of: 1) the Hasselhoff factor, and 2) the bouncing bosoms factor.

Other than that, you're treading on thin ground taking your chances plunking your almighty rental dollar down for this made-for-video opus.

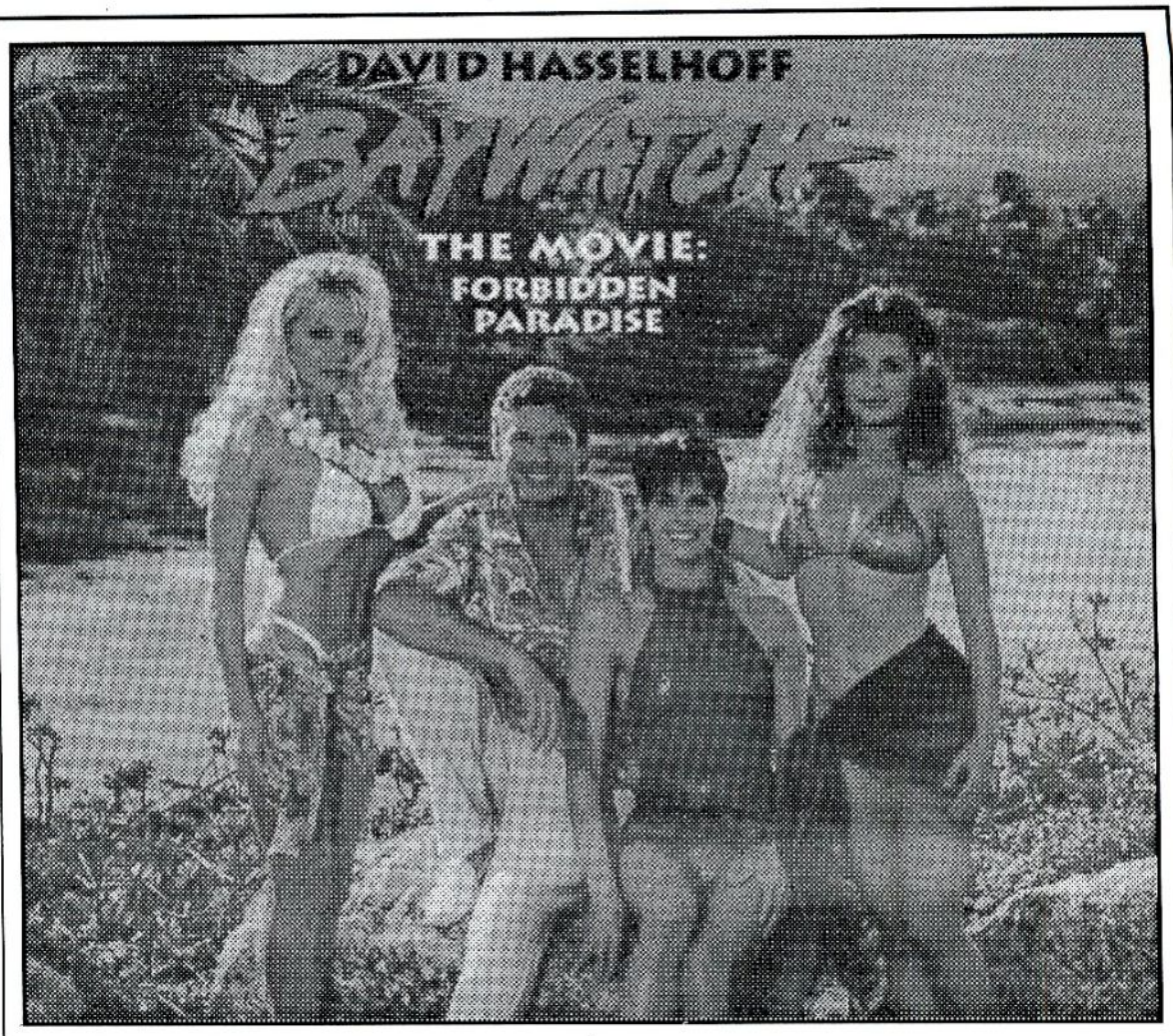
Despite its non-TV stature and the subtitle *Forbidden Paradise*, you can still make a safe bet that this won't be any more spicy than the average episode of *Baywatch*, whatever that may be, as we don't watch it.

Deadly Weapons
(1970)
Something Weird Video
★★★☆☆

Damsel of obscurity Chesty Morgan — she of the 73-inch bust — stars as a woman whose significant other is snuffed out by the mob, so she sets out on a whim of hell-bent revenge by (and pay close attention now, please) seeking out those responsible for her lover's death, seducing them and, just before they are about to make love, she smothers them to death with her gargantuan mammaries.

These scenes, directed by the able hand of Doris Wishman, are truly disgusting. Chesty is one ugly woman who is in need of a severe round of liposuction.

Though not as much fun as you might think, you have to see it to believe it, and then you still won't believe it, either.



The Dallas Connection
(1995)
Prism Entertainment
★★★★☆

I'd bet that Andy Sidaris sure is proud of his budding young filmmaker son, Drew, for making straight-to-video flicks the way his papa does. And why shouldn't he? Such a tried and true formula, might as well stick with it.

When the security of the world is threatened once again, it's up to those poster-erboy agents from Dallas (!) Chris Cannon and Mark Austin to save the day. This time, they're fighting against Black Widow (Julie Strain), who moonlights as a stripper along with her cohorts Scorpion and Cobra (Wendy Hamilton and Julie K. Smith, respectively).

Full of kung-fu moves, horrendous faux-metal music and the positively worst round of performances *ever* in a Sidaris flick, *The Dallas Connection* can be summed up best with this witty exchange between our two heroes:

Mark: Chris, what happened to you?

Chris: I don't know. I was with this really hot chick. I think she drugged me.

Mark: I was with this really hot chick, too. She showed me her hooters and then zapped me with a tazer gun.

Chris: That's it. No more casual sex for me.

Don't bet on it. The Sidaris team will continue to crank out their bargain-basement, Texas-lensed T&A actionfests 'til the day they die. Hell, Andy's great-grandkids will probably direct these things, too.

Featuring deaths via remote-control car, remote-control boat, remote-control golf ball and an out-of-control Strain, *The Dallas Connection* proudly continues in the Sidaris tradition of movies with a strange, made-for-TV feel to them, but with boobies.

Jimmy, the Boy Wonder
(1966)
Something Weird Video
★★★★☆

"School's out...because *I stopped time!"* goes the tag line to this, one of two kiddie films made by Herschell Gordon Lewis, best known for a movie where hillbillies cut out a Playmate's tongue.

On the first day of school, little Jimmy Jay — a dead ringer for Opie — wishes time would stop because he doesn't want to take a shower. It somehow does. He is visited by Aurora, the astronomer's daughter who looks like Kathy Bates, carries a giant Christmas ornament and tells Jimmy that since he has made time stand still, he must reverse the process before time runs

out (yeah, I don't understand it, either) by taking this ornament to World's End. Aurora accompanies him along the way, as they visit Slow-Motion Land, a tree that tempts them with meat franks ("What's the matter with you all? How many times has a tree offered you a hot dog?") and a tribe of green Indians, who spare Jimmy's life once Aurora makes it rain beans.

Out to foil their plans are Mr. Fig, who resembles a cross between Eddie Munster and your friendly neighborhood child molester. He almost succeeds when he pours laughing syrup into a pond from which Aurora and Jimmy refresh themselves.

Lewis even tries to make his film into a musical by including a quartet of jaunty tunes, including a tribute to legumes. Don't miss the show-stopping "Think Big!," where Jimmy and Aurora are so overcome by the joy of the song that they stay *absolutely stationary* while singing it.

At the movie's midpoint, Jimmy wants to hear a story, so Lewis (*Santa and the Ice Cream Bunny*, anyone?) splices in nearly 30 minutes of an Italian cartoon concerning a lanky boy and a magic globe. Lewis himself tries in vain to provide many of the voices, oblivious to which character is speaking at any given moment. The cartoon is so dreadful that, if I hadn't known any better, I'd swear off cartoons altogether.

House of Dark Shadows
(1970)
MGM/UA Home Video
★★★☆☆

Night of Dark Shadows
(1971)
MGM/UA Home Video
★☆☆☆☆

Dark Shadows was, without a doubt, the best Gothic horror soap opera of all-time. But then, I guess it was the only one, wasn't it? Despite the utterly bizarre nature of the show, somehow it all worked. Too bad that can't be said for its pair of post-cancellation leaps onto the big screen.

Despite the return of almost all the series' original actors, the magic isn't quite there for *House of Dark Shadows*. Producer/director Dan Curtis must have studied up by watching a pile of old Hammer films, because in addition to the lavishly adorned Collinwood mansion and the host of stuffy aristocratic characters, there's a lot of bright-red movie blood and implied sex.

Jonathan Frid is the frail, yet romantic, Barnabas Collins who just happens to be a 200-year-old vampire. Barnabas is determined to wed Kathryn Leigh Scott's Maggie, as he feels she is the reincarnation of his one true love, Josette.

Of course, in addition to wooing Maggie, Barnabas manages to find time for a hobby, namely bloodsucking, and the bodies begin to pile up nicely. There are some fairly interesting plot twists, but ultimately, the film is marred by the cast's chronic, excessive overacting. Particularly annoying are Thayer David as an overly zealous Van Helsing-type and Grayson Hall — who's a whole lot scarier to look at than any old vampire — as a scientist who tries to find a cure for Barnabas' "condition." Despite usually being drunk and/or confused, handyman Willie Loomis is still probably my favorite character. Go figure.

Not much to be said about the dismal follow-up, *Night of Dark Shadows*, except that it has very little to do with its predecessor. Several actors return (in different roles), but the connection is very weak and very strained. The plot involves reincarnation and an 18th-century witch, but I won't bore you with the details. Although occasionally creepy, the film's pretensions of high art insure that it never really gets off the ground. With pre-*Charlie's Angel* Kate Jackson in her first major role.

Curtis attempted to revive the original series for prime-time in 1991, but nobody really cared. —*CH*

Mondo Lugosi: A Vampire's Scrapbook
(1987)
Rhino Home Video
★★★☆☆

With the release of Tim Burton's *Ed Wood* has come a revival of interest in that greatest of bloodsuckers, Bela Lugosi. This collection of various Lugosi memorabilia hits many of the high and low points in the career of one of the all-time screen greats.

Included are trailers for such classic films such as *Dracula*, *Mark of the Vampire* and *The Body Snatcher* (one of my personal favorites), in addition to Lugosi's famous *You Asked For It!* appearance and some rather interesting interview footage. In an interview for *Tribute to a Star*, Bela appears to be in exceptional health and good spirits after a vacation in Europe. This sequence is especially poignant given Lugosi's later decline into morphine addiction and general poor health.

As with most Rhino compilations, the overall results are a little uneven, however. In addition to trailers for films in which Lugosi is second-, third- or even lower-billed, we are shown trailers for *Mask of Fu Manchu* and *Dr. Jeckyl and Mr. Hyde*, two films in which Lugosi *did not even appear*. There's also a seemingly endless (about 10 minutes, actually) *Hollywood on Parade* short starring Eddie Borden, in which Bela's total screen time is well under a minute.

The only reference to the infamous Lugosi/Ed Wood connection comes at the very end, in a rather strange sequence involving footage (and apparently outtakes) from *Glen or Glenda*, in which shots of scantily clad women are juxtaposed with Bela's famous stern and/or confused close-ups from said film. It belabors the point, but it's worth a laugh.

Overall, *Mondo Lugosi* is a true mixed bag, but entertaining nonetheless, and a real jewel for classic horror completists.

—*CH*

The Prisoner Video Companion
(1990)
MPI Home Video
★★★★☆

So what was *The Prisoner* all about, anyway? Was it surrealistic science fiction, scathing political commentary or an anti-utopian cautionary tale? Almost impossible to describe or categorize, *The Prisoner* — along with *Twin Peaks* — stands as one of television's most original, bizarre and inscrutable statements ever made.

This video, using liberal doses of series' footage, attempts to answer the questions that have dogged *Prisoner* fanatics — there are no casual viewers — for more than 25 years. True to creator/star Patrick McGoohan's original stated goal, there are no quick, clear-cut answers. But this video does try nobly, and succeeds at least in pointing to several possible solutions to the numerous enigmas presented by the series.

If you're intrigued by television that doesn't cater to the lowest common denominator — and in fact, requires multiple viewings just to absorb all the possibilities of meaning — check it out. Be seeing you. —*CH*

The Toxic Avenger Part II
(1989)
Warner Home Video
★★★☆☆

Although better-made than the original, *The Toxic Avenger Part II* is not a better film.

As it opens, the Tromaville School for the Blind is blown up by members of the evil Apocalypse Corporation, who plan to take over the entire town. But first, they have to get rid of Toxie, which they accomplish by sending him to Japan by telling them that his long-lost father lives there. Thus, Toxie windsurfs over to Tokyo, paving the way for an hour of sumo wrestler, ninja, sushi and kabuki jokes.

A stranger in this foreign land, Toxie fights off a bunch of Japanese and a fishman. Much cartoonier than the first film, although at time *too* cartoony, *Toxic II* does find some genuine slapstick laughs. There is even a David Mamet joke that's way too sophisticated to have a home in a Troma film.

Ultimately, though, *Toxic II* gets bogged down by too many fight and chase sequences, both of which wear out their welcome rather quickly, although having the hero fight a hammer-wielding midget is new.

The Incredible Melting Man
(1977)
Orion Home Video
★★★★☆

If nothing else, 1977 should be forever remembered as the year we were given *The Incredible Melting Man*, simultaneously a retread of every monster-on-the-loose flick made by Roger Corman and a precursor to the likes of *The Toxic Avenger*.

No sooner have the opening credits ended that an astronaut up around the rings of Saturn screams in horror; back on earth, he's in a hospital bed, bandaged up like a mummy. He unwraps himself in the mirror and discovers he has turned into one ugly oozing pustule. He first attacks his hefty nurse before escaping to the outside world where he tears a fisherman's head off, and William Sachs' camera follows said head downstream and even over a waterfall.

The living carbunkle's best friend, Dr. Ted – who is peeved to find out his wife has bought no crackers – sets out to find his lost pal with Geiger counter in hand. In the best scene, a comic-relief old couple come face-to-peeling-face with our melting man – an apparent champion of citrus rights – as the ol' fogies steal lemons.

With special effects courtesy of Rick Baker, Mr. Melt continues his never-ending romp through the town, leaving pizza toppings on every bush in sight. An unhappy ending is in store for all those involved, especially our monster, who eventually dissolves into a puddle, but not before briefly resembling the world's first Negro Smurf.

Police Squad! Help Wanted
(1982)
Paramount Home Video
★★★★★

More! Police Squad!
(1982)
Paramount Home Video
★★★★★

In many respects, the ultimate generic cop show (right down to Ira Newborn's seedy jazz score), the characters and plots of *Police Squad!* were stereotypical and one-dimensional, cliched and transparent. But *Police Squad!* used its oh-so-predictable setting merely as a framework for the real star of the show — its revolutionary combination of rapid fire visual puns, clever wordplay, and general absurdist humor.

By now, everyone's seen *Airplane!*, *Hot Shots!* or some other film from the Zucker-Abrahams-Zucker comedy team, but when *Police Squad!* debuted way back in 1982, their utterly bizarre and original style of humor was still a new thing. Either you got it, or you didn't. For those of us who "got it", the humor was everywhere. Sometimes it was blatantly obvious, as with the exaggerated visuals, but often, it hovered almost subliminally in the background as a kind of reward for the astute viewer. The attention to detail was incredible, and you just had to be on the lookout or you'd miss some real jewels. Gags and jokes were repeated week after week — the "special guest stars" who got killed in the opening credits and didn't actually appear in the show, the way the episode titles on the screen never matched how the narrator introduced them, the infamous "Cigarette?" bit — which only furthered the in-joke appeal. And it wasn't over until it was over. Instead of freezing the final frame for the credits to roll over, ZAZ instead simply had the characters to stand still, though there were always hilarious reminders that the camera was still rolling.

But then again, the show probably still wouldn't have worked without the perfectly deadpan delivery of the talented cast. Former "serious" actor Leslie Nielsen (*Forbidden Planet*) is dead-on as the bumbling Lt. Frank Drebbin, a sort of step-cousin to Peter Sellers' Inspector Clouseau, and Alan North (known for little else) does a similarly fine job as Frank's boss Ed Hawkins.

The cast was fleshed out by many great peripheral characters, such as crime lab technician Ted Olson, Johnny the street-wise shoeshine man, and 8-ft.-tall fellow officer Al. In fact, Peter Lupus, as undercover agent Nordberg, was the only character who didn't seem completely at ease in the chaotic ZAZ universe.

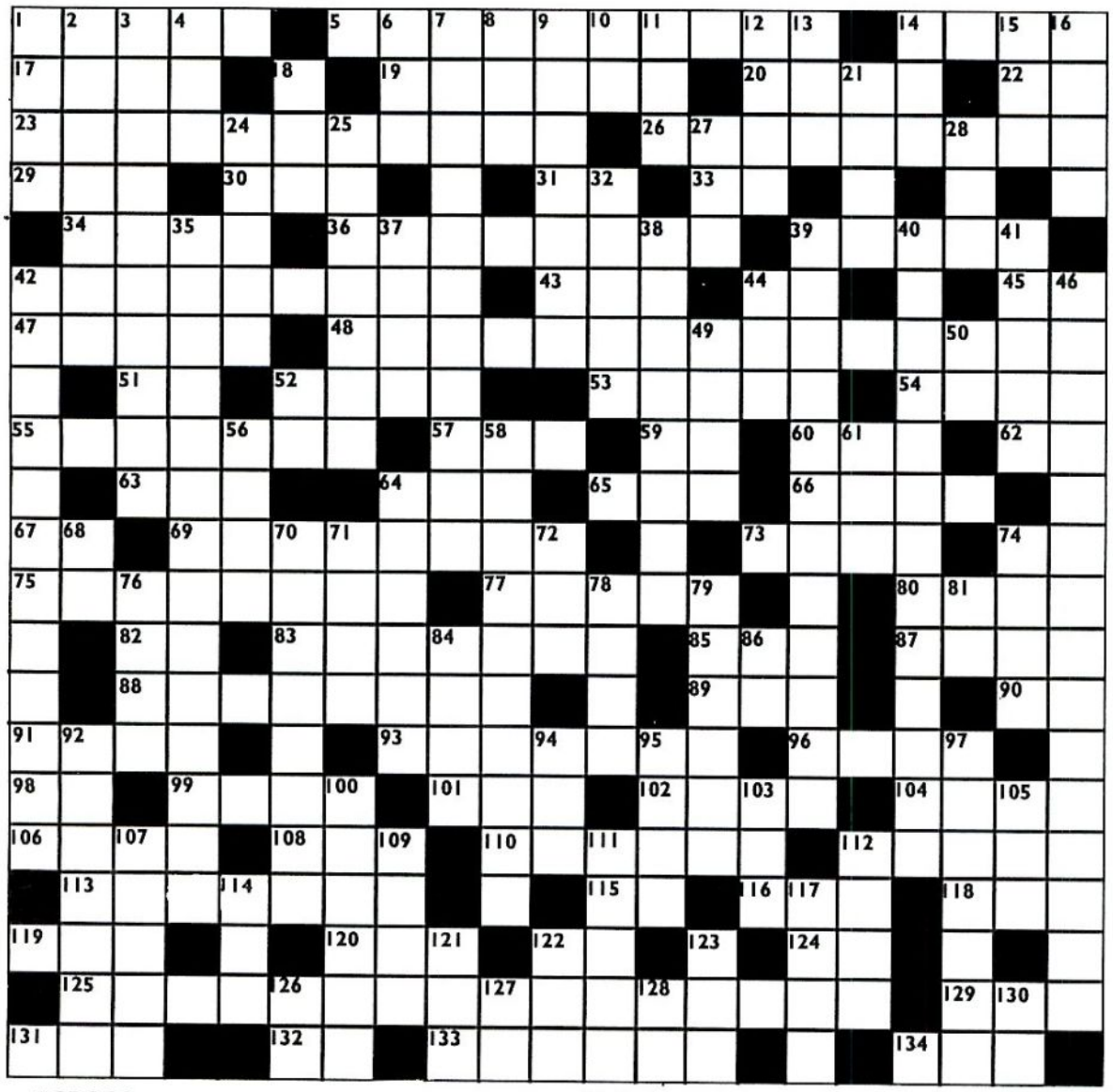
Although it was later to make a successful transition to the big screen in the hugely popular *Naked Gun* series, *Police Squad!* only left the general public scratching their heads, and it disappeared after a mere six-week ABC run. There are, however, signs that at least a few people in Hollywood got the joke. Stars such as Dick Clark, William Shatner and Florence Henderson all made cameo appearances, and two episodes were directed by Joe Dante, later of *Gremlins* fame.

Thankfully, the entire six-episode canon is now available in a must-have two video set. Get them. Now. —*CH*

All reviews are written by Rod Lott, except those denoted with a CH, which are reviewed by Chris Henry.

HITCH Crossword

By Taylor Holland



ACROSS

1 Fruity hoopster
5 Noted songbird
14 No alternative
17 Maiden of metal
19 Cumulonimbuses
20 Tropical tree of Africa
22 Overeaters Anonymous (abbr.)
23 Jonathan Richman used to be one (2 wds.)
26 1980s Goth talking board game (2 wds.)
29 Pistol P---
30 Falcon Crest's — Alicia
31 Not two
33 Foreman's goal
34 Z-28 Abbr.
36 Pretensious language
39 Mary Tyler Moore Show character
42 Collects refuse or materials
43 Be the first
44 Bad movie: -- Money
45 Smog town
47 Tot
48 Nickname argument between of Yale grads (3 wds.)
51 To go, to Pepe
52 Conn. based network
53 I stink. I ---- - bath. (2 wds.)
54 Not a mouse, but - ---
55 ------- Femmes
57 Retrieve
59 Railroad (abbr.)
60 Article we, to Pepe
62 What did you say?
63 Big Apple (abbr.)
64 Mother ---
65 Active suffix
66 Excess love or fondness
67 Pa's bedmate
69 Quayle's extended moniker
73 Altman film
74 Ouch (abbr.)
75 BBQ accessory
77 Third stone from the sun
80 Nevada locale
82 Milkman's bedmate
83 Popular nuts
85 Egg
87 Recipient of posthumous dollars
88 I'm not snot, -- ------ (2 wds.)
89 --- Patrol
90 Article, to Pepe
91 Popular Grandma name
93 Wussy fighter
96 Soiling activity
98 What, in Grandpa-ese
99 Kid's book: Frog and ----
101 The beginning and the ---
102 Tenn. nickname
104 Definitely not first
106 Aryan radical
108 Beatbox companion
110 Consumer advocacy is Ralph -----'- quest
112 N-----, Bahamas
113 Curdly cheese
115 Football position (abbr.)
116 Mafia title
118 Spooky actor: --- Johnson
119 Shaggy red muppet
120 Constipation-related (abbr.)
122 Milkman's enemy
124 Marcus Welby's degree
125 Orlando's magic penny (2 wds.)
129 Article we, to Pepe
131 Mule's companion
132 re:, etc.
133 Bad quality, to Jesus
134 Chicken's predecessor

DOWN

1 With 1 across, hybrid flavor
2 Madonna album
3 Everything should be practiced in this
4 The loneliest number
6 Natural prefix
7 Woody Allen's character from "Annie Hall" (2 wds.)
8 Obligatory surname
9 Oft-used community play (2 wds.)
10 Common rental ad abbr.
11 Leary's rec. drug
12 How Pepe likes his steak
13 Southern horse-riding pyromaniacs
14 "Sort of" prefix
15 Noted American poet
16 Wild west gunslinger
18 James Earl Jones' voiceover network
21 Engravers' task
24 Speed's secret sibling: ----- X
25 Larger than larger
27 Doggie org.
28 Schoolbus weapon: Spit---
32 Space hunter
35 Shatner's melo problem (2 wds.)
37 Beatles' plea
38 That wacky superhighway
39 NPR reporter turned talk show host (2 wds.)
40 Grandpa is this (4 wds.)
41 Swamp growth
42 Star of "Papillon" (2 wds.)
44 Wet, sticky earth
46 CBS soap (4 wds.)
49 Ice----
50 Surgery place
52 Typesetter's dash
56 Collegiate athletic conference
58 Pastry company
61 1980s sneakers: 'R---
64 1970s film star who was hung
68 Ooh! Partner
70 Biblical aesthetic? (2 wds.)
71 The ---- Guy
72 Past possessive
74 Muskogee Merle
76 Ugandan dictator
78 French invitation reply (abbr.)
79 Movie genre
81 Article, to Pierre
84 Oklahoma journalism magnate
86 T. Jefferson's locale
92 Kerouac's bums have these
94 Horny hall monitor's bane (abbr.)
95 Not never
97 Durational
100 The ------ Game
103 Hippie tabs
105 --- Paolo
107 Jewish utopias
109 Knife act
111 Complete the set: Troll, gnome, -----
112 Sherrif of Mayberry
114 Yelp of appreciation, to Pepe
117 Sharif of Arabia
121 Low dpi = Low --- (abbr.)
122 Bread, to Pepe
123 "2001" computer
126 eg:, etc.
127 Aloha or applicable state abbr.
128 Blue Hens' U.
130 Ice-T

Answers will be published in the next exciting issue of HITCH

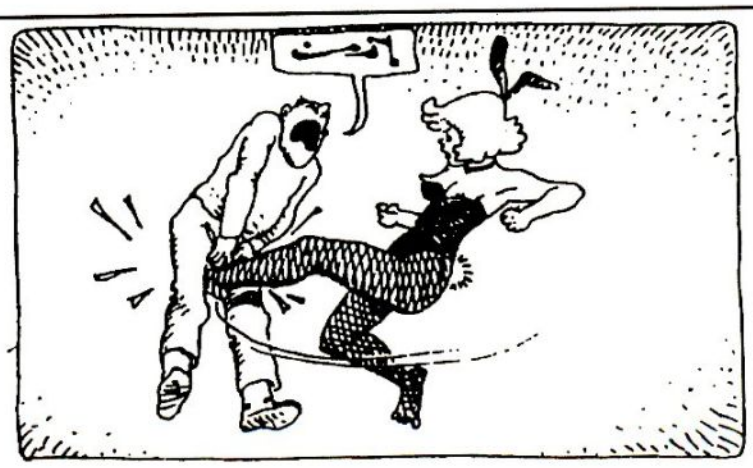
Reading Material

ZINES I GOT

Time To Die has to be one of the best zines I have seen in a *looong* time. What a great title, too. I wish I would've thought of it. I have the long-coveted third issue, also known as "The Shark Issue." In it, you'll learn all about the coolest sharks around, the hated enemies of the shark, a tale of Capt. Shark Killer, a fond memory of *Jaws 3-D* and, believe it or not, pictures of retarded sharks. Not only informative, but very funny, this is something you need to own. Lots of cool pictures with great captions. The cover boy is showing off his scars from an encounter with a Great White. Send $1 (you can't beat that) to Jon, 611 Capitol Way S. #504, Olympia, WA 98501. ✍ If you've never checked out the anti-tourist whims of Fred Hamilton's ***Redneck Riviera Update***, now may be the time. Beginning with #48, Fred promises a planned series on "spicy entertainment on South Carolina's Grand Strand." Ha-cha-cha! He'll send anyone 10 copies for $2, so write to P.O. Box 446, N. Myrtle Beach, SC 29597. ✍ The third issue of ***POPsmear*** features some more scams and pranks (i.e. how to get free Cokes, copies and CDs), Beastie Boys Jeopardy, phone fun, celebrity home addresses (from Maureen McCormick to Heidi Fleiss), trailer park madness, live show and zine reviews and, as my personal favorite, a dysfunctional parody of everyone's beloved round daily cartoon: *The Family Circus*. All this for $3 from 105 Thompson Street, New York City, NY 10012-3723. The worst thing about it is that the ink comes off on your fingers. ✍ If you read this issue's "Heapin' Mailbag," you already know that #55 of ***Factsheet 5*** contains an article by none other than yours truly. But it also has some other fine pieces, about a banned zine, the first zine and the mass media's newfound fascination with zine culture. Oh, yeah, R. Seth Friedman also reviews a couple of zines, too. At well over 100 pages, the always indispensable *F5* can be found on newsstands for $3.95, but to guarantee you won't miss out, subscribe by sending $20 to P.O. Box 170099, San Francisco, CA 94117, but only after you've sent in your sub to us. ✍ Larry Taylor of ***World Domination Review: The Journal of Amateur Paranoia*** wanted to me to review his zine. The operative word here is indeed "amateur." What you have here is one man's political agenda on a few pieces of paper, with a lot of quotes from other people, a review of the board game *Risk* for some reason and little else. I don't even know how much it is, so maybe just send him a stamp if you're interested: 5825 Balsam Rd. #4, Madison, WI 53711-4269. ✍ Even if, like me, you're not Jewish, you're probably enjoy ***Plotz*** nonetheless, the "zine for the vaclempt." In it, Barbara explains Passover and "outs" closet Jews like Geraldo Rivera. You'll learn how to speak like a Jew with the "Yiddish Word of the Month," and the best story is one non-Jewish man's chronicle of dating a Jewess, much to the chagrin of his once-promiscuous, now-born-again older sister. Send a couple of stamps to: P.O. Box 819, Stuyvesant Station, New York City, NY 10009. Note: Barbara previously edited *Hey There, Barbie Girl!*, before the evil ones at Mattel forced her to shut it down. ✍ If you're easily offended, you'll definitely want to avoid ***Echolalia***'s one-sheet series of publications, each one dedicated to attacking a specific group, whether that be Republican henchmen, civil servants or Catholics. Even if you are offended, you couldn't deny that these things are clever and funny. Dan Quayle's "level of sophistication is nearly on par with a mature lemur," while John F. Kennedy talks to us from his new home in hell. Whee! An entire set of back issues are $5, or a 12-issue sub is $15 from 2300-B Central Ave. SE Suite 117, Albuquerque, NM 87108-3506.

CATA-LOGS

The brand-new 1995-96 catalog for ***Sinister Cinema*** is now out, and it's yellow, instead of last year's blue. Whatever the color, you must get it. From science fiction and horror to Mexican schlock and sword-and-sandal epics, this place has it all. Lavishly illustrated with lots and lots of excellent print ads from the drive-in movies, even the three-line descriptions of the titles for sale are fun to read. Best of all, this 100-pager is free if you just write 'em a nice letter (and tell them that we sent you): P.O. Box 4369, Medford, OR 97501-0168.



...when i said buy me something cool to read
i meant rage magazine!!

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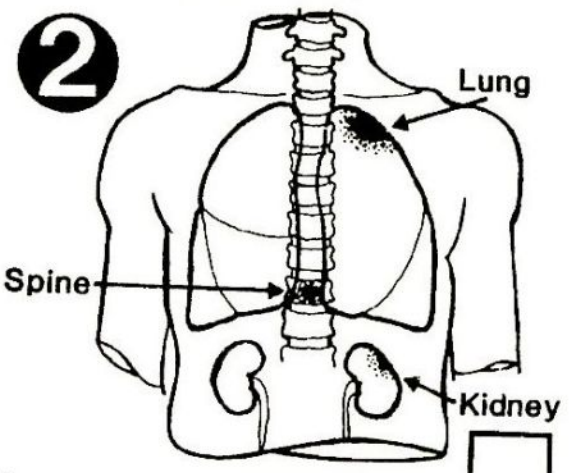
STOP TB

TB is spread when a person with active TB coughs, sings,or speaks and you breathe the air contaminated with TB germs.

1

The germs reach your lungs. From there they can go to other parts of your body.

2

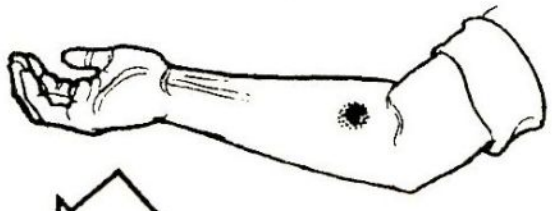


3 Your body fights the TB germ.

Body Cell

4 Usually the germs go to sleep in your body. This is called TB INFECTION.

- You have a positive skin test.
- You don't feel sick.
- You can't give TB to others.



You can take medicine to keep you from getting active TB.

5

6

If you don't take medicine, the TB germs may wake up and attack your lungs and other parts of your body. This is called TB DISEASE.

- You feel sick with fever, weight loss or cough.
- You have active TB germs in your body.
- You may give TB to others.

7

You need to take your medicine to help you get better and to prevent you from spreading the TB germs to others.

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH & HUMAN SERVICES
Public Health Service
CDC